

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

MARCH 19, 1925
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THERE IS A MYSTERY IN
THE MEANEST TRADE . .
ONE WORKMAN TURNS UP
A CLOD WITH HIS PATIENT
PICK AND OPENS A GOLD
MINE; ANOTHER WIELDS A
RUSTY HOE AND SETS
A BARE ACRE ALL A-SHINE
WITH FLOWERS . . A SOLITARY AXEMAN IN
A FOREST HEWS OUT A HOME FOR THE
HEART . . THERE IS A MYSTERY IN
THE MEANEST TRADE: THE HUMBLER THE
TRADE . THE DEEPER THE MYSTERY

THE GREEN GATE

is the title of a beautiful and reverent article on the significance of Easter by *Nancy Byrd Turner*. It will appear in The Companion for April 2 and mark it as the Easter Number. There will appear also **HUNT THE HOST**, a new and laughable tale of that ingenious collegian; **ALECK'S TEST**, an exciting tale of a fall from a cliff; and **LESS LAW AND MORE EQUITY**, a heart-warming tale of a young lawyer's first case.

DEPARTMENT PAGES IN THIS NUMBER

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TERMS

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THE RAPID PULSE

AS everyone knows, the pulse constantly varies in the rapidity of its beat. It is comparatively slow—from sixty to seventy beats a minute—when a person is at rest, a little more rapid when he walks slowly, and it rises twenty beats or more to the minute when he walks rapidly, runs or exercises violently. Emotion and severe pain will increase the rate of the pulse more or less, according to the emotionality of the person concerned, to the severity of the pain and to the degree of irritability of the heart. The pulse is accelerated also in fevers and usually rises in unison with the temperature. When a person is without fever and is at rest a permanently rapid pulse is often the sign of valvular disease of the heart; or it may accompany exophthalmic goitre.

Another variety of rapid pulse is one that occurs spasmodically without any obvious cause. Of this variety there are two forms, named palpitation and tachycardia—a word that means merely "rapid heart."

Palpitation is a violent beating of the heart with distressing throbbing in the larger arteries. The violence of the beat and the throbbing are not an expression of increased force, but rather the reverse, like the sputtering of an irascible person. The throbbing occurs only in the larger arteries and would not be present in them except that their walls are relaxed like the wall of the heart and yield to the increased volume of blood that the forcible feeble contractions of the heart send out. Palpitation occurs in weak or anæmic people and is excited by indigestion or by some psychic disturbance.

The other form, paroxysmal tachycardia, occurs in sudden attacks that last from a few hours to several days. The pulse may be very rapid, up to two hundred or more a minute, and may even become uncountable. Since the rapidity is not accompanied by throbbing as in palpitation, the patient may not be aware of it, but he has uncomfortable sensations,—sometimes of pressure, sometimes of hollowness in the chest,—and his breathing is short. The rapidity is caused by some disturbance of the mechanism that controls the action of the heart.

The treatment consists in getting plenty of rest and in taking a heart tonic. Sometimes exercise is better than rest, and at the very beginning an attack may occasionally be cut short by taking a deep breath and holding it or by trying to touch the toes without bending the knees or by some other manoeuvre. An ice bag over the heart sometimes brings it back to normal. In intervals between attacks the patient should live on a light and easily digested diet and avoid all strain either of body or of mind.

HE COULD TELL A GOOD ONE TOO

PARIS, though it has had no king of its own for a good many years, is the "happy hunting ground" for monarchs either deposed or merely on vacation. It is said that two deposed kings, King Manuel of Portugal and the shah of Persia, were seated together at a fashionable public resort, placidly sipping a cool drink and watching the entertainment when a Parisian sat down on the only extra chair at their table. The newcomer made himself agreeable, and the conversation soon became general.

When the time came for departure, the Parisian asked with whom he had the honor of speaking.

"I," said the former king of Portugal, "am the king of Portugal."

"I," said the former shah, "am the shah of Persia."

Their unknown companion betrayed no astonishment. "Good night, gentlemen," he said politely, and then as he turned to go he added, "The Grand Mogul bids you adieu."

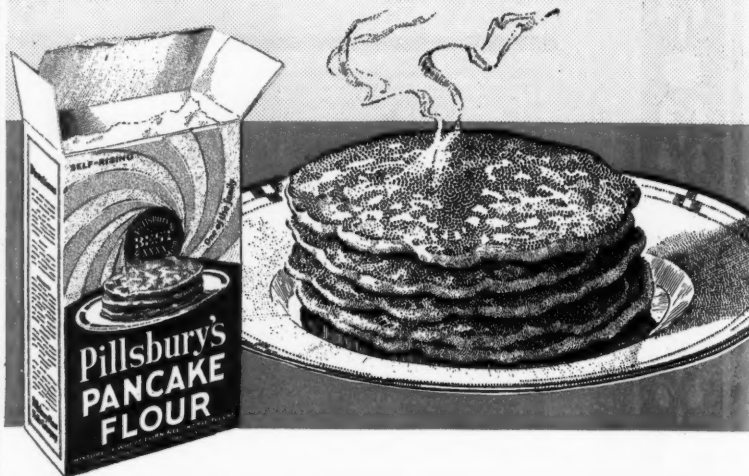
Manuel is reported to have laughed, but the shah was not so well pleased.

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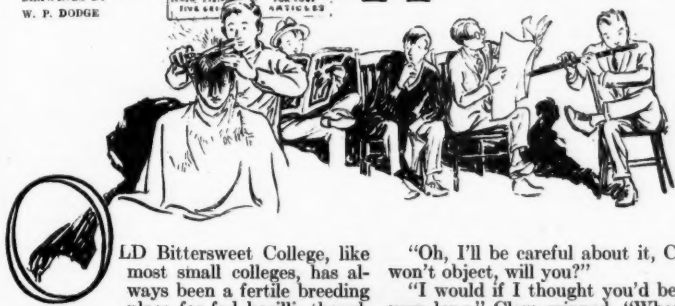
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HUNT THE BARBER By

Russell Gordon
Carter

DRAWINGS BY
W. P. DODGE

LD Bittersweet College, like most small colleges, has always been a fertile breeding place for fad bacilli, though more had the little bugs gathered in such large and varied convention. Stag and his intimate friends were bitten by at least one of every variety, and the "college-haircut bug" bit Stag in a peculiar way.

Everyone had had that particular bug in his system for more than four months, but one afternoon while Stag was on his way to the barber's the special bug that had "adopted" him must have been particularly vicious; for before Stag left the place, properly clipped and shorn, he had decided to become the "official college barber"—college haircuts thirty cents; save twenty cents, fellows!

Stag ran as fast as his short legs would carry him to the one hardware store in the village. When he came out he bore in his hand a package containing a pair of rather expensive clippers, a pair of scissors, a comb and a brush. His pockets were empty, but his mind was full—full of his new idea. And his heart was light, for he was about to earn some easy money, and money was what Stag needed most.

"Hello, Stag," his roommate greeted him. "You look as happy as the fellow in the 'ad' after he took the medicine."

"Clam," replied Stag, without trying to conceal his delight, "I've struck it at last!"

Clam Baker only looked skeptical—as he usually looked when Stag was enthusiastic.

"You know," continued Stag eagerly, "there's only one barber at the village, and he charges fifty cents for a haircut!"

"I'd charge a dollar if I were the only barber in town," replied Clam. "What about it?"

"I've got a scheme for putting him out of business," continued Stag, beginning to untie his package.

"Cutthroat competition?" inquired Clam dryly.

"No; straight competition!" Stag spread the paper and displayed the scissors, the clippers, the comb and the brush. "Clam, I tell you it's a great scheme! You know it's a long walk to the village shop, and when you get there you have to lay down half a silver tea plate besides the tip. Well, I'm going to set myself up as official college barber right here—no walk at all and only thirty cents and no tip! All the fellows'll patronize me!"

"Not all, Stag," said Clam evenly. "I know one who won't."

"Well, most of them will," Stag argued with undiminished fervor.

Clam was thoughtful. "So our nice, neat room is to become a barber shop, with year-old magazines lying around and fellows sitting in a row waiting for you to yell, 'Next!'"

"Oh, I'll be careful about it, Clam. You won't object, will you?"

"I would if I thought you'd be a barber very long," Clam grinned. "What barbers' college did you attend, Stag, before you came to Bittersweet?"

"None," replied Stag gravely. "It's easy to cut hair the way everybody has it cut now. Just clip the back of the neck a little and trim the hair round the ears. Leave the rest long. I watched the barber do it for almost an hour this afternoon."

Clam picked up his flute and began to play *It May Be So, But I Don't Know*. And to the tune of that rather cynical air Stag went about setting up his shop. First he printed the sign of his trade, "Hunt the Barber," and tacked it on the door. Then he put his chair into one corner of the room, folded the rug under and laid out his tools on the table.

By the following morning his shop was ready; spare towels, a sheet and a bottle of perfumed water were close at hand.

At the training table Clam of course told all the athletes about Stag's new profession; the rest of the college—the number is negligible—learned of it a little later. And of course everyone laughed, for everyone knew Stag. Nevertheless, since Bittersweet is anything but a "rich man's college," the economic part of the plan appealed to the boys.

Two days later Stag had his first customer. He was Squash Bush, and his hair was so long that in another week it would have rivaled Little Lord Fauntleroy's; Squash had had no money for several weeks. "I'll pay you the first of next month, Stag," he promised. "Will you trust me?"

"You're next," replied Stag in rather a louder voice than was necessary.

Squash sat down in the chair and lifted his chin for the sheet, and while Clam on the window seat played his cynical tune Stag rolled up his sleeves. "College cut, Squash?"

"Of course!" The question was rather unnecessary.

With an air of possession Stag placed his hand on top of Squash's thick blond locks. "Fine head of hair, Squash!" he said professionally.

Then he combed the hair straight down in front, perhaps so Squash couldn't see what was going to happen. Stag wasn't any too sure of himself, but the hour that he had spent spying on the village barber had been profitable. Soon the merry clip, clip of the clippers mingled with Clam's doleful notes. Stag worked slowly; later when he got the hang of the thing he could try for speed.

Snip, snip, "Nice day, eh, Squash?"

"Yeh. Say, don't bend my ear like that!" Stag bent Squash's ear in a slightly different way and with further occasional commonplace remarks such as all good barbers must know how to make continued his art. Squash's hand came up frequently from under the sheet to scratch his nose or his ear or his forehead, and each time Stag looked annoyed, as all good barbers do when they have to wait for a small boy to scratch.

Finally at the end of half an hour Stag was

satisfied that Squash was fit for civilized society again. "Wet or dry?" he asked with his hand on the bottle.

"Wet," said Squash. Stag soaked Squash's head and then went to work with both hands. Squash tried in vain to keep his neck stiff.

"It can't be done, Squash," said Clam. "Two arms are stronger than one neck every time."

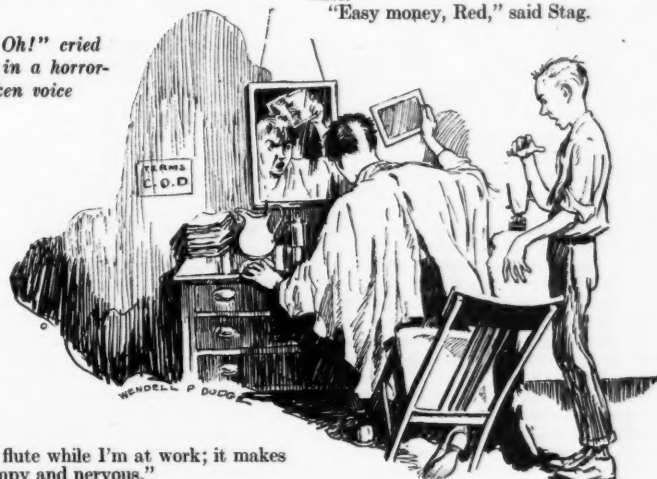
When Stag had finally convinced his customer that he couldn't possibly hold his neck stiff he combed and brushed Squash's hair, trimmed it with the scissors a little here and there and then unpinned the sheet. "All right, sir," he said.

Squash got out of the chair, glanced about in vain for a mirror and then turned to Clam. "How's it look?" he asked doubtfully.

"Better than I expected," was Clam's frank reply. "It looks like thirty cents," he added. "Eh, Stag?"

Stag ignored Clam's poor attempt at humor. He was well pleased with himself, though after his customer had gone and he was sweeping the floor he remarked to his roommate, "Say, Clam, I wish you wouldn't

"Oh! Oh!" cried Stag in a horror-stricken voice



play that flute while I'm at work; it makes me all jumpy and nervous."

"That's because you don't appreciate good music," Clam replied modestly.

"Well, play another tune then; I don't like that one."

"Anything to oblige a barber," said Clam cheerfully.

Stag had three more customers in the next two days; they were little Duke York and two fellows from MacAllister Hall on the other side of the campus. Moreover, all paid cash. Stag sat alone and fingered the ninety cents, his whole capital. It certainly was pleasant to know that you were earning money, living by your wits, fighting the great battle of life while others about you were idling their time away. Pleasant too to know that you were building up a business of your own. Probably before the end of the year he would need an assistant or two—or three.

Perhaps Stag should have saved the ninety cents, if only for the purpose of making change, but Stag had the soul of a man of big affairs. With the money he went out and bought two mirrors, one for the wall and one to hold at the back of a customer's neck. Fellows always like to see the back of their necks after a haircut. It saves worry.

Saturday evening right after supper while Stag was polishing his clippers and Clam was polishing his flute Red Lane entered the room in a hurry. "Stag, can you cut my hair in fifteen minutes? I've got to address that basketball mass meeting at half past seven, and look at my hair!"

Stag looked at Red's hair, thick and long

and vividly red. "Sure I can," he replied. "Lucky there's no one ahead of you."

"You're taking an awful chance, Red," said Clam.

"I know it, but I'm late—no time to go to the village." Red tore off his coat, loosened the collar of his shirt and sat down in the chair. "Make it snappy, Stag!"

As Stag draped the sheet round his customer Clam began to play his favorite piece. Stag frowned, but said nothing. He combed Red's hair down straight all round; then after a swift glance at the clock he started to clip the back of Red's neck. That was the part Stag liked best. He had got the knack of it quickly; in fact so easily did the work go that he was convinced he was a "born barber."

Clip-clip, clip! Clip-clip, clip! went the clippers in time with the shrill notes of the flute.

"Easy money, Red," said Stag.

"Don't waste time talking," replied Red irritably.

At that moment Clam changed his tune and struck into, "Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip, Zip, with your hair cut just as short as mine!" And Red began to hum: "Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip, Zip, you sure are lookin' fine!"

Clip-clip, clip! Clip-clip, clip!

"Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust; If the midyears don't get you, the finals must."

Good morning, Mr. Zip-Zip, Zip, with your—

"Oh! Oh!" cried Stag in a horror-stricken voice and dropped his clippers.

Clam abruptly lowered his flute.

Red came out of the chair as if it were on fire. "What have you done?" he cried.

"Stag, what have you done to me?"

"R-red!" Stag gasped, backing away.

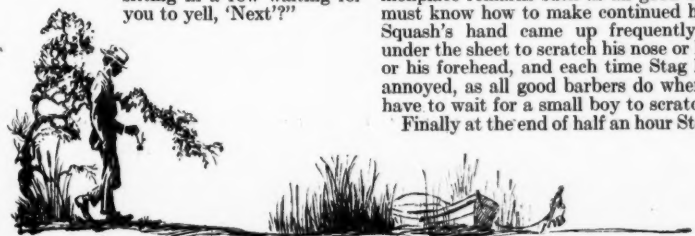
"I—I—the clippers must have slipped! I—I—wasn't thinking!"

Red's hands went swiftly to the back of his head. Then he seized the small mirror and, holding it behind him, faced the mirror on the wall. Straight up the back of his head to the crown was a white lane two inches wide!

"Good night!" cried Red. "Stag, you low-down, treacherous cur! You—you—"

"Red, I didn't go to do it!" pleaded Stag.

"I—I don't know how it happened."



Red's eyes were blazing, and his fists were clenched. "I've a good mind to maul you, you little mutt! How can I address that meeting now? I've a good mind to put you in that chair and clip your own head, ears and all!"

"No, don't do that," said Clam; "the room's mused up enough as it is!"

Weak and trembling, poor Stag looked imploringly at Red. "Honest, I didn't mean it! I'm sorry, Red, and I promise to cut your hair free for the rest of the year!"

Clam doubled up on the window seat. "Not if I know it!" declared Red. He put his hand to his forehead and turned to Clam. "What'll I do, Clam? I'm chairman of the athletic committee, and I've got to address that meeting! What'll I do?"

"I'll tell you," said Clam, straightening. "Let him clip the rest of your head at the back. That'll even things up, and it won't look so bad. I don't care if you are chairman, Red; if you go to the meeting the way you are, the fellows'll laugh themselves sick. They'll say, 'Look at Red Lane with the white lane up the back of his head!'"

Red groaned and glared at Stag. Then he looked at the clock and threw himself into the chair again. "Hurry up!" he shouted at Stag. "And if you do it wrong this time, I'll strangle you!"

When Red was six years old he had fallen backwards into the hold of a coal barge, and now as Stag began to clip, little scars like half moons and stars began to appear as if from under a sunlit cloud. Clam watched, fascinated, wondering where they all came from.

At last the operation was over. Though Red was late and in a hurry he paused in the doorway and glared at Stag. "You've ruined my head," he declared savagely, "but you've ruined your business too! I'm going to tell the whole college you did it, and that'll be the end of Hunt the Barber!"

Poor Stag looked broken-hearted as Red slammed the door. "Clam," he said, "it's true. I'm ruined, and it's all your fault!"

"My fault!" repeated Clam indignantly. "How come?"

"For playing that lively tune."

Clam looked injured. "I can't help it, Stag, if you can't control your hands when I play. Besides, maybe you're not ruined."

"Yes, I am," replied Stag dismally. "No barber could give a haircut like that and live it down!"

"It certainly showed up Red's scars," admitted Clam. "He must have lived in an awfully tough neighborhood when he was a kid."

Stag began silently to pack his tools. "Closing up shop?" inquired Clam.

Stag nodded and without a word left the room. He felt nervous, almost sick, and he wanted to get away from the sight of loose hair and the odor of perfumed water. He made his way to the river, walked along the path at a fast pace for nearly an hour and then, refreshed in mind and in body, though still pretty low in spirits, turned homeward.

During the next few days Stag kept to himself and, like Kipling's cat, walked alone. He was still feeling blue and discouraged and had no interest in anything. It's no fun to be ruined.

One evening Skinny Beane, Finny Finlayson, Happy Day and Pinky Winkle all came into the room at once, and to Stag's amazement they all had haircuts like the one he had given Red!

"Say, what's the idea?" he cried in astonishment. "The way your hair is cut—I thought—"

Clam laid down his flute. "Stag, you runt," he said, grinning, "I wondered how long you'd stay asleep. Red's haircut made a hit at that mass meeting, and now everybody's going to the village to get one like it. They call it the 'accident clip'; Red named it himself. I'm going tomorrow if I can borrow the price. And say, Stag, a lot of fellows have been to the room to get you to cut their hair, but you've been out. What's the matter with you? Now's the time for you to make some money. Why don't you get busy?"

Stag gulped. "I can't," he replied miserably. "I threw my clippers into the river, and I haven't any money to buy another pair."

BELOVED ACRES

By John H. Hamlin



HAT'S it about this time, Miss Beth?" asked Parks, for Elizabeth had paused, evidently contemplating the wisdom of launching her splendid idea.

"This," said the girl, tapping the letter that she still held in her hand, "is from Ward. He writes that he is coming up here with seven of his chums—"

"Land sakes, Miss Beth! Ward fetchin' seven wild Injuns up here now when hayin's a-goin' to start! Shucks, Miss Beth, ain't your hands full up 'bout that swarm of young limbs stampedin' all over the premises?" Parks was brusque.

"But, Parks, I am plotting against that swarm of young limbs. Isn't there some way we can turn that stampede to our own advantage?" Beth's eyes were twinkling.

Parks surveyed her half approvingly. "That's not a bad idea, Miss Beth, but by jings, if Ward's friends be anything like himself, ain't none of 'em goin' to know what end of a pitchfork to grab hold of."

"For that very reason it will be a novelty, Parks. Now there should be some way to convert this haying into a lark—make it attractive so that Ward and his friends will want to help."

"I remember, Miss Beth," began Parks reminiscently, "When I was 'long about Ward's age there was one ranch where all our young bucks was eager to work, Barney Cloud's. Barney used to say, 'Ain't no man ever goin' to work a hoss of mine more'n eight hours a day; and if a hoss oughtn't to work more'n eight hours, no more should a man.' And them was the days when farmers believed in workin' their hands from sunup to sunset too; but you can believe me when I tell you Barney Cloud's men took a heap of pride in gettin' his crop in quicker'n anybody else in that neck of the woods. Then Mrs. Cloud set the table out on the grass under the trees, stuck posies in glass dishes and allus had a brace of jolly girls to wait on us lads. Long about ten in the mornin' and four in the afternoon here'd come these purty girls a-fetchin' a big can of lemonade down in the fields—honest. Them was the days, Miss Beth! Workin' fer the Clouds was a sure-nuff picnic. And they was a slick floor on their big red barn, and they'd invite all the young folks, and we'd have barn dances, and there'd be prizes for the biggest load of hay and for the teamster whose hosses never got sore necks."

Parks was wound up in his recital, but Beth never lost a word.

"Parks, there's May and Stelle Clark; I was talking to them over at Clotilde's party. They spoke of trying to get work in one of the summer resorts. I am going to ride over to their place this very day and engage them to do the kitchen work. They are so full of fun—"

"And rattlin' good cooks," put in Parks. Elizabeth made no reply, for she had suddenly discovered Grayson standing in the doorway; the frown had completely vanished from his brow, and his gray eyes were lit up with a spark of interest.

"I say, Beth, there's that collection of fancy lanterns in my trunk—Chinese and Japanese, you know. I picked them up when I was abroad. They'd look stunning strung up in the trees, and I'd enjoy decorating the barn loft for one of your rustic parties."

"Why, Grayson, that would be perfectly lovely! Don't you think Ward's friends will—er—fall for this kind of a lark?" inquired Beth in expressive slang.

"Shouldn't be surprised. You never can tell what will strike a bunch of kids," replied Grayson. "When are they arrivin'?"

"I don't know, but I imagine Ward is on his way by the wording of his letter. I believe I shall drive down to Glenning and find out. I can stop in and see what arrangement I can make with the Clark girls."

"I been thinkin', Miss Beth, we'd oughta fetch up two-three fresh cows for a dairy string," suggested Parks. "Seems like a cattle ranch oughta have a plenty of milk and cream on tap. Slim'll tend to the milkin' till we can hustle up a dairyman."

"Indeed and I wish you would attend to that very thing right away, Parks," agreed Beth. "Oh, I am so excited about everything! I'm just going to make Ward and his friends like haying well enough to help me out. I'll try to persuade Grandmother Grayson to come back with me, and isn't it surprising how cheerful we can be if we just make up our minds to do the best we can with what we have on hand, Parks?"

"You're right as rain, Miss Beth," agreed Parks with a grin.

Grayson said never a word, but watched his sister with puzzled eyes when she ran out of the room to get ready for her trip to Glenning.

The Clark girls lived with their parents on a homestead down the valley. They were capable and attractive and were not afraid of work. When Beth motored up to their neat little cottage and made them a joint offer of one hundred and fifteen dollars a month to go to work at Craymore Acres May and Stelle hesitated. Beth, admiring their spick-and-span house dresses and the clean, healthy tinge of their complexions, dropped a hint about the expected visit of Ward and his friends.

A brief consultation between the sisters followed, and May spoke up quickly: "Thanks, Miss Craymore, we'll come. It isn't what we'd planned to do this summer, and we could earn more at a resort, but we'll come. When do you want us?"

"Tomorrow," said Beth, smiling to herself.

In Glenning Beth found the house in a state of upheaval. Her mother had a towel wrapped round her hair, a broom in her hands, and the place looked as if it were in the midst of a spring cleaning.

"If this isn't just like Ward," complained Mrs. Craymore.

"Writes me that he is bringing home a houseful of his college friends. They are coming tomorrow, and here I am without help

Chapter Six

A human landslide



of any kind and totally unprepared to receive such an army."

But her daughter detected the amusement beneath the vexation. Mrs. Craymore idolized her youngest son, and any prank that he might originate she forgave.

"Don't you worry, mother," said Beth. "I'll relieve you of this human landslide. That's the reason I came down today. Ward wrote me also, and, to quote Parks, I shall herd the 'swarm of young limbs' straight out to the ranch."

"But, my dear daughter, there are eight, including Ward, in this party!" Mrs. Craymore expected to hear a cry of dismay from her daughter.

"I know it. I wish there were five more; then I shouldn't have to bother about finding another man for my hay crew," calmly announced Beth.

"Hay crew?" gasped Mrs. Craymore. "But these boys are not workmen; they are college lads on their vacation. Hay crew? What in the world are you thinking about, Beth?"

Beth laughed. Her mother threw up her hands in horror when the latest scheme of her daughter was but half unfolded, and Beth laughed again and finally went off into gales of laughter at her mother's shocked expression.

"I declare, Beth, you are beyond me! I am sure I shouldn't have the courage to propose what you intend doing. I doubt whether Ward will listen to it. He may take it as an insult to himself and his friends. You must be very tactful, Beth, how you approach him." Mrs. Craymore dropped into a chair. "Tell me, how are you getting on out there?" The question was accompanied by a searching scrutiny of the amazingly changed young lady.

"I'll admit it's considerable of a tangle," Beth replied and then switched the topic. "Did Grandmother Grayson tell you about our reception at the Merceaus' party?"

Mrs. Craymore nodded. Then she rose and went close to her daughter; her hands dropped upon the slim shoulders, and her blue eyes searched the clear, dark brown eyes of the girl. "My dear, what is it that has aroused you? You are so different from the undecided, wavering, dependent Beth of a year, even six months, ago that you are a mystery to your own mother."

"Grandmother says it is on account of the Grayson blood—that I am getting to be like Grandfather Grayson. Tell me about him, darling," said Beth, and her arm stole affectionately round her mother's slender waist.

For perhaps the first time in her life the girl felt the great responsibilities that had been thrust upon her mother. She began to realize how little comfort and help her

mother had ever got from any of her three children, that each of them had grown up with no idea of

giving her cheer or of ever relieving her of the burdens that had come with their father's death, but instead had been always seeking and absorbing—had been drains on her vitality. Elizabeth had never before felt so tenderly solicitous of her mother's well-being, never had realized what a self-sacrificing person the girlishly slender mother had always been. She listened to the recital of her grandfather's praises as told by her mother, yet it was not of Grandfather Grayson that Elizabeth was thinking.

"Momsie, I love you," she said when there came a pause in the narrative, "and I want you to understand that I am not trying to give you any further anxiety in this ranch problem. If I see later on that it is too complicated an undertaking, I shall not object to selling; but Victor Merceau shall not be the next owner of Craymore Acres." Elizabeth kissed her mother's flushed cheeks. "Now where is grandmother? I want to kidnap her. And, momsie, why don't you invite Aunt Ellen up to spend a few weeks with you? You two haven't had a real good visit in years. You will, won't you, momsie, darling?"

"I was thinking of that very thing, Beth; but of course, if Ward brings his friends, that will be impossible now."

"Indeed and it shan't be impossible! You and Aunt Ellen are going to have this house all to yourselves. I tell you I have come down here to cart Ward and his chums out to the ranch. Now I am going up to grandmother's room and see if I cannot entice her to be my Dresden china mascot."

Beth tripped lightly up the stairs, and she and her grandmother had a tête-à-tête over the plans that Beth propounded.

Ward Craymore's descent upon the quiet little village of Glenning was in keeping with his explosive nature. He was not quite twenty and had just finished his sophomore year at college. He had gone in full tilt for athletics, had "made" the varsity eleven, got a place on the water-polo team and thrummed a banjo with sufficient effectiveness to play in the college glee club. He was almost chubby, had curly blond hair and big blue eyes and was so perpetually in demand that he was inclined to be a trifle spoiled. In speaking of Craymore Acres he was in the habit of referring to it as "my ranch, my cattle, my horses."

But then Ward was delightfully young, full of energy and altogether likable, and his weaknesses were but passing phases in his development. Being of such a lively disposition, he naturally attracted youths of similar tastes, and indeed the group of young men who clambered off the train and circled about the pile of suitcases that the porter dragged off the vestibule impressed Elizabeth Craymore as a band of veritable élites. They jollied the porter, waved colored

Ward



pocket handkerchiefs at the passengers peering out of the car windows, punched one another and conducted themselves in a boisterous fashion.

When Ward spied Elizabeth, who had driven down to the station in the seven-passenger car that was a relic of former days, he let out a whoop and made a frantic dash for the machine. His seven comrades raced after him, and the girl held her breath while she watched the undignified approach.

"Hello, Beth! Say, that's great, your resurrecting that old boat! Come on, fellows, meet my sister!"

Ward snatched off his gayly checked cap and skimmed through a medley of names that Beth did not pretend to remember. But she nodded her head merrily as each name tripped off Ward's glib tongue. She was becoming more of a diplomat each hour. The time was so recent when she would have shown her displeasure at such conduct that Ward could not help showing his astonishment. And there was her appearance too, which revealed a new Beth. A *chic* little motor hat was perched jauntily atop her wavy brown hair; she wore an embroidered smock of watermelon pink that was extremely becoming, and her sport skirt had a dash to it that fitted in with Ward's idea how a good-looking girl should dress.

In fact Ward not only approved of his sister's clothes and appearance, but frankly told her so, which caused Elizabeth to blush—and that did not detract from the pretty picture she made!

"You look great, sis—rippin', in fact. And here I've been warning the fellows that you'd probably freeze 'em cold, look like a prune and act worse. What've you been doing, Beth? I'd given up hopes you'd ever be a live one. Why, the boys are going to fall hard for you!"

After the brotherly deluge of words Ward invited his friends to hoist their luggage aboard; Beth gave over the wheel to him; and while the machine groaned under its load of crowding, lusty youths Ward honked the horn vigorously, and off they hummed for the Craymore home.

Mrs. Craymore, standing on the wide, vine-covered veranda, welcomed her son and his friends with a cordiality that was genuine, Grandmother Grayson, fluttering in the background, gave to the home an air of old-fashioned charm.

A substantial lunch was served in the spacious dining room, and Beth, designing woman that she had become, stressed the lure of the cattle ranch, spoke enthusiastically of the boundless freedom on Craymore Acres and in numerous subtle ways spread the germ of her liking for that splendid place. She had warned her mother, however, not to intimate to Ward just how she intended to utilize all the surplus energy that was needed, oh, so badly, at that particular season.

Lunch was finally over with, and, beckoning to her grandmother, Beth rose. "I must fly back to the ranch; Grandmother Grayson is going with me in the roadster, Ward. Now I wonder if you can coax that old car up Maverick Grade? Remember how you always used to have trouble with the engine, and it never seemed to act up with me?"

"I say, Ward, I wasn't keen about the way you tooted that car up this measly town hill," said Avery Claridge, red-headed and impetuous. "You wouldn't be insulted or anything if we implored your sister to drive us over that life-sized Maverick Grade, would you?"

"Oh, that isn't a bad idea, Ward," Beth jumped at the opening. "You drive the roadster, and I'll take the touring car."

There was a cheer of assent from the college boys. Somehow they were beginning to feel cramped, but not one of them realized that it was owing to the breezy, out-of-door talk of Beth during lunch.

"Sure, I'll be tickled pink to drive Grandmother Grayson out," cried Ward. "She's a better sport than Beth any old day in the week. Come on, grandmother, get on your little gray bonnet and let's amble along."

Beth was coming out of her old self. She felt it in every pulsing, joyous heart beat. She was glad of the opportunity to mix with the quick-witted, energetic lads; the old restraint was lifted; the undertow of self-consciousness that had always pulled her away from people was releasing its grip. Beth at the wheel caught herself joining in the chorus of the rollicking songs that the boys sang all the way out to Craymore Acres.

They gave three cheers and a tiger when she butted the fender of the car against the gate and swung it open; they shouted their approval of the ranch, romped with Time

and Tempo, swarmed out to the big barn and scattered wheat to the ever-hungry pigeons and splashed one another with the water scooped up from the numerous troughs about the corrals.

Later Beth discovered Avery Claridge standing in silent absorption on the front porch.

"You like it?" asked Beth. "It's great," he said huskily. "It's all out of doors; why, you Craymores should be proud as kings—and queens!"

"I am, but my brothers seem to feel differently about the ranch," replied Beth, and then she bit her lips and laughingly suggested to Avery and the others: "I want you boys to help me fix up your sleeping quarters. There are a couple of big tents and some cots out in the harness room. Wouldn't you rather sleep in tents pitched out there under the trees than indoors?"

"We'll say we do!" came the glad response.

While the tents were being set up Beth, hopping into her car, scurried over to the Clarks and brought the girls back with her.

"We've got to put on regular carnival trimmings and wear our best smiles, girls," Beth told the sisters after they had slipped into their fresh gingham and reported for work.

"Oh, Grayson!" She summoned her elder brother, who was standing somewhat aloof from the noisy tent makers. "Will you get out your lanterns and please help us decorate? Those old apple trees will look charming with the lanterns twinkling in their funny, crooked branches. And don't you think it would be fun to set the table under the trees and eat out here all the time?"

Grayson agreed; anything artistic appealed to him.

When Parks, Slim Clemmons and Bob Jenkins, together with the three men whom Parks had picked up in Glenning, answered the supper bell that evening they were astonished at the festive appearance of the grounds immediately surrounding the ranch house. They were just a bit uneasy too, for it was something new in their rural experience; but the free and easy conduct of the khaki-clad college boys soon chased away all stiffness.

Grandmother Grayson, sitting at one end of the table, was kept busy wiping tears of laughter from her hazel eyes at the antics of the spontaneous young folk. Stelle and May waited on table and beamed their delight at every good-natured joke. Ward was fascinated by his sister; she was not the heavy, unresponsive girl whom he had dreaded meeting again, but fine and nimble-tongued with a quick laugh and a ready retort.

He singled her out after supper. "Beth, I'll have to hand it to you. You are some stepper! Where'd you pick up your line, sis? It's all to the good, believe me!"

"Thank you, Ward; that means a lot, coming from a girl's brother. Did grandmother say anything to you about conditions out here?"

"Nope, only that you'd set your heart on hanging on to the place. I think you're foolish, Beth; don't believe we can ever pull together in making a go of it. You know I'm majoring in electrical engineering, so I can't be wasting my time out on a cattle ranch, you know. Why not kick in with the rest of the family and cash in on the place? I'd not object to receiving my pro rata any old day now."

"Not for a year at least, Ward. I've made up my mind to that. Grandmother is the only one who appreciates my feelings for Craymore Acres, so there is no use rhapsodizing about it to you. But, Ward, I do want to make the ranch pay—just once. Never in my whole life have I so wanted to make a go of anything—and to keep Merceau from getting it; he is the only one who has offered to buy, but he shan't have it, even if he offered twice what he has! Never, never shall Merceau have Craymore Acres!"

"Well, why not advertise it then? Or turn



DRAWN BY C. L. LASSELL

"Oh, we've just got to make it, Trixie!"

it over to some real-estate firm; there are such institutions, you know. I'm sure I don't care whether Merceau gets it or not. His money looks as good to me as the next one's."

"I am not ready to advertise it—not yet. And, Ward, we have got to begin haying right away. Parks says it cannot be delayed. The grass won't stand another week of this dry, hot weather. We have not been able to get any help, saving those three men you saw at supper. I was hoping, Ward, that you and your friends—" There was a pleading intonation in the girl's voice; her brown eyes were soft and imploring.

"Oh, that explains your tactics, does it? I might have known you hadn't put on such taking airs for nothing! You're clever, Beth, and I approve of your breaking out of your gloom shell; but you'll accept the regrets of myself and pals from participating in your cute little game of bringing in the sheaves."

Ward turned on his heels and stalked off, apparently indignant and insulted.

It was a sultry evening. The boys had sprinkled the porch and yard by heaving bucketsful of water dipped from the pool and drawn from the faucets. Swimmingsuits were yanked out of suitcases, and a water fight started. It was a lively scene enacted beneath the lantern-laden branches of the apple trees, and the women folk viewed the rough and tumble contortions from a respectable distance on the veranda.

Beth was relieved when the guests ceased their frolic and some one suggested "hitting the hay." She did manage to keep up her courage until after good-nights were said; even when Grandmother Grayson stole into her room, an enchanting vision in her fleecy, pink-beribboned negligee, and kissed her lovingly Beth kept back the tears of disappointment and utter discouragement. But she could not sleep. The room was stuffy, and the air that in intermittent puffs blew into the open windows was oppressively warm.

For hours the girl tossed on her bed, thinking, scheming, planning what to do next. Then she heard the distant rumblings of thunder rolling down from the high peaks of the Sierras like the muffled reports of cannonading. She paid scant attention to the mutterings for some little time; then it occurred to her that a good rain would be of vast benefit to the grain, and she began to pray for the clouds to drench the ranch.

But the thunder claps seemed to be decreasing. Beth slid off the bed and went to her window. The eastern horizon was beginning to show a pearly streak of approaching



dawn, but from the western window she noticed the masses of black clouds banked over the mountain peaks.

Forks of lightning shot down from the inky heavens.

"Oh, those clouds are almost above Round Valley!" Beth's hands clutched hard against her breast. "The storm is going to break up there!"

She leaped back from the window; her heart was beating rapidly. She knew from experience what volumes of water poured down from those midsummer mountain storms.

"The gates of the reservoir are still open! That precious water will run to waste!"

Beth lit a candle and tumbled into her clothes. She rushed downstairs in her stocking feet that she might not awaken her grandmother, Grayson and the Clark sisters. Then she pulled on her boots and flew out to the barn, fumbling in the darkness till she found her way to Trixie's stall.

"Easy, Trixie; it's Beth. We're going straight up that cañon trail, Trixie! You won't fail me; I know you're afraid of that old thunder, Trixie, girl, but we've got to make it! Oh, we've just got to make it, Trixie!"

Two hours later Parks clanged the big bell perched on the roof of the kitchen. Tousled heads poked from the tent flaps at the jangling alarm; May and Stelle Clark carolled a gay response from their upper window.

"Where's Miss Beth? Is she in her room?" shouted Parks; his voice was husky with emotion.

"Wait, I'll go see," replied May Clark, withdrawing her head.

A moment later she was again at the window, and her eyes were wide with fright. "No, she's not in! What is it, Parks?" she cried.

Parks groaned aloud. "Something terrible's happened! Her mare's just limped home, all muddled and lame—saddle's ripped most off her back. Turn out, everybody; Miss Beth's met up with trouble!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

SHOUTING NEIGHBORS *By Edna Tucker Muth*



DRAWINGS BY T. VICTOR HALL

JAMES BARCLAY, the youngest geologist in the department at Wisconsin, parked his battered little university car under a jack pine behind the cottage at Loon Lake and crept round the outside of the porch to surprise Barbara, his wife. It was so fine to have her and Junior with him on this northern survey. It almost made up for not being back at the university for Dr. Scram's visit. In his excitement over getting home for the week-end he forgot the letter from Professor Standish, which earlier in the day had caused him so much disappointment.

"Oh, Jim, dear, don't kiss me where the Jensens can see! When you went away the white birches were our only neighbors and now—look!"

He noticed that on the dock, which for two weeks had been theirs alone, there was unremitting splashing and laughter, and that in the tiny brown shack behind the birches a gasoline lamp was sputtering above a stout slow woman who was frying fish and singing Dixie Stars in a loud voice.

Assistant Professor Barclay grinned boyishly. "When we drove in here two weeks ago and found this furnished cottage, and the sun was on the lake and the orioles in the birches, we said it was as quiet as Paradise, Barby, didn't we?"

"But, Jim, it isn't funny; it's tragic. Buddy Jensen has a young bugle and an old fox terrier. At least that's what Junior calls him. Baby Jensen is teething. Sis Jensen and ma sing Dixie Stars and—listen!"

A wild rise of mirth came from the dock. "That is Pa Jensen losing the soap. They have all gone down to wash, and it is the third bar he has lost overboard today. They do everything crescendo."

The two had closed the door, and in the dusk Barbara Barclay's lovely flowerlike face was hidden against Jim's gray flannel shirt sleeve. Four-year-old Junior's arms encircled his knees. Suddenly heavy feet sounded upon the porch, and something metallic thumped on the door. It opened, and the stout stout woman came into the room. Professor Barclay hastily lighted a candle.

Mrs. Jensen held a smoking frying pan of fish out toward him. "I used to do this for Hank that summer he was here. Excuse me for coming in without knocking. When I saw you drive in it seemed like he'd come back. He had this shack two summers ago, and we had the same as now. We wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for Hank. He sent us a check so we could come again and said in the letter that it wouldn't do any harm to have a few more loons on the lake."

She laughed loudly, and her pleasant, simple face beamed upon them all. "Junior says you're a stone professor. Well, that's a good job, I think. My, this spider handle is hot!"

She set the frying pan on the cold oil stove and rubbed her hand with her apron. "Why, Mrs. Jensen, I have already planned our dinner," Barbara said without enthusiasm, "although it was good of you to think of us. I wonder if fish is good warmed over? There are so many of you, hadn't you better use it for yourself?"

She took the fish from the stove and offered it to Mrs. Jensen. The stout woman accepted Barbara's excuse. Maybe fish wouldn't be good, warmed over. She turned to the door, still laughing.

"I expect you folks will make up to Hank when he comes next week," she said. "Well, Mrs. Barclay, run over. Be neighborly!" "The mosquitoes are bad, aren't they?" Barbara said, looking coldly over Mrs. Jensen's head.

The door closed, and Barclay began fumbling in his coat pocket. "By the way, Barby, I had a letter from Standish today," he said, trying to keep his voice casual. "I wonder where—oh, yes, here it is."

"I suppose, Jim, you're going to miss something at home. Somebody or other will be there this month, and Professor Standish is heartily sorry that you can't be in to meet them, but—"

"Barby, how did you guess?"

"It's always so. This northern survey cuts you out of everything. Who is it this year?"

"Dr. Scram."

"Not R. H. Scram of the Chinese survey?"

"The same. Barby, I was an undergraduate at Stanford when he stopped there on his way to the East. I was driving a cab for—"

"Jim, dear, please don't go into that before Junior. He's too young to know his father drove a cab for his education."

"Oh, Barby, what a little snob!" Jim said, laughing. "It took a lot of temerity to make a stone professor's wife from one with princess possibilities, didn't it?"

Barbara slid her hand penitently into his. "What about Dr. Scram?"

"I've worshiped him at a distance ever since that night long ago. I can't describe Scram. He's invincible, the master mind of us all. I wish I could see him again," he added musingly. "I wish I could see him again."

Barbara looked at him eloquently. In that look were many dreams and deprivations of their six years of married life. The salary had been small, the test papers unremitting. There had been time stolen from sleep to write Jim's thesis for his doctor's degree. There had been money saved from the amusement budget to buy his doctor's robe for the great day. There was Jim's recurring dream of a trip to other lands. Even as a frown puckered her forehead Jim broke out into his hearty laugh again. Barbara sometimes wasn't sure that Jim was so dignified as his knowledge and position demanded. But he was Jim; she loved him.

"I fancy it won't be given to us to hobnob with the great of the earth," she said petulantly, "but I'm certainly not going to neighbor with the shouters!"

She kept her resolve, although Sunday afternoon Jim went over to the enemy on the dock, and he and tow-headed, bent little Pa Jensen discussed politics vociferously. Jim also told Junior that Buddy Jensen was a bright boy for his age and made light of their utterly ruined Sunday quiet.

To Barbara the only satisfaction was Jim's announcement that he could be at home every day the following week. "You'll be home for mess call and for taps every night," she said vindictively, glancing toward Buddy and the young bugle.

Jim had hardly gone the next morning when the farmer from two miles down the road came in with a letter for Barbara and one for the Jensens.

"Hank's coming, pa! Hank's coming!" she heard presently reverberating up and down the bird-flecked paths and among the silver trunks. It was bad enough to have the Jensens, but now another impossible shouter named Hank was coming too. Sis called out that he was coming with a car, and Mrs. Barclay mentally added a honking horn and a troublesome racing engine to her catalogue of nuisances.

Toward afternoon when it was getting time for Jim to come back Barbara, in spite of the noise and confusion on the dock and in the grove, drew the curtain on the corner of the porch that overlooked Loon Lake and the Norway pines that march thickly from the farther shore toward Brule and began to write on her little machine.

"The Jensens' baby is getting choked up," Junior complained on one of his trips between the cottages. "He cries all the time."

"Please, Junior, keep away from the Jensens children; you might catch something," Barbara said absently. "Something besides double negatives," she added to herself. "Why don't you play in the boat? Only be sure that it doesn't rock into the water."

She looked toward the flat-bottomed boat, which lay on the shore where Jim had beached it in the morning. Junior loved to play pirate, and a boat on land was to him as worthy as a boat at sea. He trotted off

toward it with the dog at his heels. Barbara began to write, forgetting in the warmth of her interest in her task the sick baby's fretting and the Jensen children's running in and out. Most important of all, she overlooked a little dark cloud that began to grow from the west. At first she was aware of Junior shouting commands to his invisible pirate crew, but at last his voice merged with the water slashing against the shore. Barbara wrote on.

There was a sudden wild gust and shake of the curtain and a dash of rain over her typewriter, then a long roll of thunder. Barbara sprang up and called Junior. There was no answer. She looked for the pirate craft. The boat was gone. The squall had churned up miniature breakers in the spot where it had rested. How long it had been gone Barbara could not tell. The rain was falling like a sombre gray curtain over the lake.

"Junior! Oh, Junior! Have you seen Junior?" Now she was shouting at the Jensens, who had all gone inside their own shack and who for once were quiet and subdued.

As Barbara called, Pa Jensen came out, dressed in high boots and a raincoat. Ma stood in the door, and Sis and Buddy peeped from the windows. Barbara ran toward the birches, and the wind caught her and almost blew her against the trunks.

"He's gone! The boat's gone! Did any of you—did you see him?"

Ma drew her inside and peered into the screen of rain. "The dog's gone too," she said. "There ain't enough wind to capsize the boat if Junior sets still, and the dog will see to that. Pa'll just go right out in our boat and get the boy back in no time. Buddy, you brisk out with the oars. Here's a glass that Hank sent us; you can see the length of the lake with it. Wait till the rain shifts."

There was something splendid in the assurance of Mrs. Jensen. She marshaled the family about and drew Mrs. Barclay to a chair. "You poor little soul, you're as wet as sop! It doesn't do any good to worry over boys. They come out all right. Now look at baby; he looks sick now, and tomorrow he'll be rough-housing with Hank."

Barbara noticed for the first time that the baby was lying on the couch, and she at once recognized the significance of the child's purring breath. "He's very sick! You should have a doctor," she said sharply.

She saw Mrs. Jensen wince and intercepted her involuntary glance toward the lake. Barbara remembered that pa had come out, all dressed for rough weather. He had started to walk five miles for the doctor! Before she could speak Buddy burst into the house.

"When the rain switched a little pa and me saw the boat beached over to Norway

Point. We're going to row over. The boat looked empty. No, ma'am, pa is certain Junior is safe, because we couldn't hear the fox terrier, and we think they've gone into the woods. I've come back for my bugle."

In spite of her own misery Barbara could not take her eyes from the baby. "Your husband was just going for the doctor. Oh, the poor baby! How could you put—put Junior first?"

"Why, that's all right," Mrs. Jensen said stanchly. "We know where baby is, and we don't know about Junior. Everybody's got to take their chances, even babies, among neighbors. Hey, baby!"

Baby chuckled, thus precipitating a cough that relieved him somewhat. Sis reported that pa and Buddy were coming back.

"There's tracks away from that boat," pa said as he came in; "the dog's taken him into the forest, trying to lead him to us around the lake. It's pretty dense in there, and it wouldn't be good for Junior to pass the night in the storm. Buddy

and I'll go back by the lake way, and, ma, you or Mrs. Barclay go up and get the farmer to go into the pines from the firebreak off the wood road. I wish you had a bugle too."

Through the lashing of the trees and the swish of the rain sweeping toward the lake a motor horn sounded, and a little gray roadster ran into view on the wood road. It stopped under the dripping birches by the brown shack. "Yeo, my lads, yeo!"

"It's Hank! Oh, ma, it's Hank with his car! He can find Junior. Oh, Hank! Hank!"

In spite of her perturbation Barbara saw that the stranger was not of the Jensens' world, and yet there was a spontaneity about him, a flashing sympathy that was like theirs. His voice had the modulation of refinement, but he was as glad to see Ma Jensen as she was to see him, and he showed it; he was almost as boyish as her husband. He was instantly frightened and anxious about Junior and the Jensen baby.

"I know every bole of those Norways," he assured Barbara, "and we'll follow the wood road to the edge of the pines. Just get into my car and I'll take you to your boy."

"But the doctor," she said faintly, "you should go for him."

Ma Jensen and Hank, whose other name no one had mentioned, exchanged glances. "I think we'll look for Junior first," Hank said and put her into the machine.

They soon left the car in the wood road, and Hank went before Barbara, treading down the brush and bending the saplings so that she might pass. He shouted and whistled.

"Listen!" he said presently. Barbara heard nothing, but stopped, obedient to his lifted hand. There came the sound of brush tearing, as if a light body



There was something splendid in the assurance of Mrs. Jensen



were plunging through the undergrowth and brakes. Suddenly a streak of white dashed through the gray rain sheet, and the old fox terrier plunged toward them. His jaws were dripping, and his tail was a mass of nettles. "He'll take us to Junior! He knows where he is. He went with my baby!" panted Barbara.

One of Hank's strides measured two of hers, and he soon had the exhausted little boy in his arms and came back to meet her.

"Safe and sound, mother, safe and sound!" he boomed above the roar of the wind in the pines.

At his suggestion Junior waved one limp arm. Then they were all back in the car, and its nose was turned again toward Loon Lake.

"They're wonderful people, those Jensens," Hank said presently. "I never have seen a family to equal them. Where in these

days could you find a family of five people so united in their interests. Playing together like so many children. Having gay times about the littlest things in spite of pa's recurring heart trouble and the loss of their oldest son, who was a truly remarkable young man. Without any money except what ma earns after midnight in a laundry and Buddy earns before breakfast with papers they managed to achieve one of the finest homes I have ever seen!"

"Oh, yes," said Barbara, remembering Baby Jensen.

"I came up here to rest from Duluth two years ago, and I found them. They're priceless. If I had been a poet instead of a stone professor, as ma calls me, I would have done a saga around them."

They were back in the birches, and the rain was over. Baby Jensen was breathing

easily once more, and an oriole was singing, "Tweet, Tweet! Care! Care!" over the little brown shack, and Jim Barclay was just driving into the wood road.

"Dr. Scram! It is Dr. Scram, isn't it? I thought I couldn't be mistaken. You wouldn't remember me. I'm Barclay, '16—Stanford. I heard you—"

"Barclay! Well, I surely do remember! You drove me to the train after the lecture. You were driving a taxi then. That was one thing that fixed you in my mind, that and the cheer your class gave you when you introduced me on the rostrum. Remember you! Why I know every contribution you've made to geology. You'd made a few even then. I've followed you in the magazines and at Wisconsin. I was hoping to see you at the university next week. I wanted to see if you would—" He laughed boyishly and bowed

an apology to Barbara. "Just a little jaunt to far places," he concluded.

Later when Junior was asleep by the crackling fire Barbara looked over toward the white birches. Then she leaned her dark head against Jim's rumpled light one. "Did I say anything about hobnobbing with the great of the earth?" she whispered.

Through the kitchen window they could see Ma Jensen frying fish. Beside her stood a little tow-headed, wistful-eyed man, a plump moon-faced girl and a gangling boy with a bugle in one hand and an old fox terrier at his knee. Behind them stood the geologist Dr. Richard Henry Scram with the baby in his arms. They were all singing Dixie Stars.

"He's certainly one of them," Barbara finished, with her eyes on Ma Jensen's rosy face, "the great of the earth!"

IN THE WOLF'S PLACE By Dwight B. Pangburn

JIM GORDON was large for his age, which was sixteen, and well able to look out for himself. Nevertheless the Widow Gordon objected when she learned that he was planning to spend the winter in trapping. She would never have consented had he not been going with the old and experienced hunter, Henri Lafarge. The Gordons were sadly in need of money, and Lafarge assured Mrs. Gordon that in all his experience he had never failed to earn in a season's trapping three or four times as much as Jim could earn during the winter at the only other occupation open to him—occasional helper for the village blacksmith.

So at last she gave her consent, and just before snow came Jim and Lafarge made a trip to the region that the hunter had picked out and built a comfortable shack. Henri planned to go to the nearest settlement for supplies only once a month; it was a distance of perhaps thirty miles.

Their shack faced the southwest and stood on the bank of a river under the shelter of a steep rocky hillside. In places the frost had dislodged large blocks of stone, which lay at the bottom of the declivity. For two miles below the shack the river followed close to the rocks; then it turned sharp round the end of the hill and, swinging back on itself in a sort of horseshoe, came within a mile of the cabin again.

The partners worked successfully for two months. The snows were unusually deep, and the rabbits seemed to have all disappeared, perhaps from an epidemic; as a result the wolves were particularly ravenous. When Lafarge was lucky enough to get fresh meat by shooting a deer near the turn of the river below the shack he took the precaution of hanging most of the meat in a tree. When they returned for it all that he had not hung up had vanished, and some that he had not hung high enough was gone also. Wolf tracks were all about.

Lafarge was much chagrined. He declared that the wolves had insulted him, and that he would "get even." He immediately prepared to carry out the threat. Sacrificing another portion of the deer as bait, he hung it up just out of reach and in the snow underneath hid a number of large powerful traps that had not been used up to that time. The space between the river and the cliff was narrow at that point, and he had plenty of traps with which to cover it. He laid them with care, feeling sure that some of his enemies would pay the penalty.

Jim had agreed that, since Lafarge was the more experienced woodsman, he should make the monthly trip to the settlements, and the next morning after the wolf traps were set Henri started off. Jim went with him as far as the bend of the river, and on the way they saw that the bait was still undisturbed and that none of the traps were sprung.

Then they separated, and Jim went off on his route along the river. Soon he was aware of a marked change in the weather. The wind had moved into the north; the sky had become overcast and was now a solid lead color. Shortly after noon snow began to fall. Jim started for home.

An hour later he came to the hill under the lee of which the cabin stood. It occurred to him that by going a mile up and down over the hill he could come out near the shack and so save himself a four-mile walk round by the stream through the rapidly deepening snow.



He had fed the fire patiently for what seemed an age

Immediately he turned and started up the hill. The falling snow was thick and blinding, and it was hard to be sure that he was going in the right direction. His tracks lasted only a few seconds before the wind swept them full. However, Jim reflected that he must be right so long as he kept going up and the wind was behind him. Soon he reached the crest of the hill and started down the other side. At last he came to the cliff. At the point at which he had arrived, it was broken and not high, and he took off his snowshoes and started to climb down. When near the bottom he slipped and, to keep from falling, jumped the rest of the way.

With a horrible shock the jaws of a big steel trap closed on his left leg just above the ankle. He had changed his direction slightly in going over the hill and, not recognizing the spot, had stepped into the biggest of Henri's traps. It had a spring on either end and could be set only by standing with a foot on each. The force of the blow was so great that it might have broken the bone of his leg, but the fact that Jim was prepared for cold and snow saved him; he was wearing two pairs of woolen socks inside his high shoes, and those broke the force of the blow. Nevertheless the teeth on the jaws had cut through, so that his slightest movement was painful.

Jim was so glad that he had escaped without worse injury that at first he did not realize the seriousness of his situation. He could not open the trap alone. Henri would not be back for at least another day, perhaps on account of the snow not for several days. Jim bit his lips. Meanwhile what would become of him? True, he was partly sheltered by the cliff and the thick growth of evergreens and birches, but how could he exist in such weather for two days and a night without food? Without food? He remembered the bait that had been there in the morning. Yes, it was still there. He could see it indistinctly through the branches, but it was out of reach. Besides, the wolves might come at night, and after his last cartridge was gone—he did not like to think of that.

"I might better have stayed at home and

worked in the blacksmith shop," he said to himself with a groan.

Suddenly an inspiration came to him. "I won't give up without a big fight anyhow," he muttered as he took stock of his resources. They consisted of a jackknife, a handful of cartridges, a rifle, a pair of snowshoes, a few pelts and a waterproof box that contained perhaps a dozen matches.

His first move was to cut a stout stick and, carefully testing the snow before him, try the length of chain on his trap. There was enough to allow him a few feet of motion without disturbing the heavy drag.

Within his range of motion there were several birches, and from them he cut some large pieces of bark. He also cut dry evergreen branches and found some dead maple limbs. With one of his snowshoes he scooped out the snow between the face of the cliff and a large block of stone that had fallen from it and lay a few feet away. Opposite the stone he prepared to build his fire. The space between the stone and the cliff would afford him a good shelter. By that time he was nearly exhausted from dragging the heavy trap round through the snow. His leg had begun to swell too, and that made the pain worse; but the afternoon was drawing to a close, and he did not dare to rest.

Jim knew that in his situation he could not afford to waste matches, and so to be sure of the birch bark's catching before the wind could blow out his light he made a little pile of shredded bark and then, removing the bullet from a cartridge, he sprinkled the powder over the pile. A scratch of a match and he had his fire started.

Soon it was burning well, and a bed of coals began to form. Then he sat down and leaned against the rock in such a position that the bend of the spring at one end of the trap was in the fire. To protect his leg from the heat of the flames he wrapped it with bark and piled snow over it. By constantly putting snow on the jaws of the trap he managed to keep them fairly cool against his leg.

After he had fed the fire patiently for what seemed an age, the bend of the spring became a dull red. Then he pulled it out, placed

it against a fragment of rock and started to pound it with another. But at the second blow he had to stop, for striking the trap made its teeth sink deeper into his leg, and the pain was unbearable. He saw that he should have to try another way, and by that time the metal had cooled.

He was sure that his blacksmith-shop method would work if he could only get it started. While the spring was heating he had plenty of chance to think, and by the time it was hot again he had reasoned out what to do. He lifted the trap until it was flat against the face of the cliff, and opposite the stone that he was leaning against. Then he put the muzzle of his rifle on the top of the spring close to the jaws and, bracing himself against the rock, pushed with all his might. He found that he was able to force the spring all the way down, and he held it so until it was cold. To his delight it sprang back only a little way. However, it was plain that the metal had not been hot enough when he applied the pressure, and so he tried again. This time he moved the barrel of the gun nearer the bend of the spring, and when it was cool he was rewarded, for the metal bent while soft, and the spring stayed down.

Now it was necessary to compress the spring at the other end. That was not so hard to do, for it was on the side towards his free foot. Placing the trap in the same position as before, flat against the side of the cliff, he braced himself with his good right foot on the spring and gently wriggled the injured member out of the jaws.

He craved a little rest before starting on, but he was afraid of the consequences of waiting; so he put out his fire, donned his snowshoes and, making a careful circuit round the area where the other traps were, hobbled along the river bank through the storm towards the shack. When he opened the door Lafarge was sitting peacefully before the fire.

"I thought you'd be along pretty soon," he said, without turning his head. "When the snow began so early in the day I knew it was no use to try for the settlements. I'd have gone to meet you, but I knew you were safe. All you had to do was to follow the river back to camp. You couldn't go wrong."

Prompt attention prevented any serious results from Jim's wounds, although it was some time before he could get out again. But the day after the accident when the snow stopped he insisted that Lafarge go to the scene of the disaster and remove the bait and take up the traps.

"Trapping for a livelihood is one thing," said Jim, "but trapping for spite is another. I know now what it is to be caught in a trap, with starvation in sight, and I'll never set one again unless it's to earn my living."

GENEROUS SIR HERBERT

SIR HERBERT TREE, the eminent English actor, was an original person with a curious and often surprising idea of wit. While walking up the Haymarket on one occasion, says the Tatler, he met a lady of his acquaintance. Sir Herbert swept off his hat with a flourish and, still holding it in his hand, stood talking to her for several minutes.

"What a magnificent lining your hat has," she said, glancing at the bright red silk.

"You admire that lining?" he cried in his most melodramatic manner, and with a swift wrench he tore it out and thrust it into her unwilling fingers. "Madam, it is yours," he said impressively. Then he walked majestically away, leaving the astounded lady clutching a few scraps of red silk.



FACT AND COMMENT

ARE YOUR FRIENDSHIPS really friendships, or are they only habits?

The Kindly can be Nuisances and Bores;
The Saint who Snores means well, but
still he Snores.

THE MOST UNCHARITABLE MAN is usually charitable toward his own faults.

A YOUNG FRENCH SURGEON of Paris has invented an apparatus, called the episcopo, that will enable medical students in an adjoining room to observe every detail of an operation without disturbing either the operating surgeon or the patient. The apparatus, which consists mostly of lights and mirrors, produces an enlarged picture of the operation, and a loud speaker carries the comments of the surgeon.

WE UNDERSTAND, says a conservative London daily, that the following attempt at racial characterization is now current in Moscow: "One Englishman, correctness; two Englishmen, fastidiousness; three Englishmen, Parliament. One German, boredom; two Germans, organization; three Germans, Das Vaterland. One Frenchman, society; two Frenchmen, a duel; three Frenchmen, hegemony. One Russian, a genius; two Russians, intoxication; three Russians, a row."

A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER who was inspecting his engine before a run noticed a kitten clinging to the pipe beneath the boiler. He left it there for the moment and then forgot about it. Before he thought of it again the kitten had made two round trips between Jersey City and Crawford, N. J. At Crawford he removed it, and some one took it to the station house. The kitten must have had an interesting story to tell its mother and will probably have a much more interesting one to tell its grandchildren.

A FRENCH COURT has decided that a pearl, "cultivated" in the Japanese manner by implanting a nucleus of calcium carbonate in the tissue of a living oyster, is a genuine pearl, a real gem, and not an imitation. The process of "cultivating" a pearl is a leisurely one, for the oyster in which the nucleus of nacre has been placed is left undisturbed for at least seven years. Kokichi Mikimoto is the name of the ingenious Japanese who conceived and perfected this curious method of producing beautiful and costly gems.

"STARVE THEM TO DEATH! Deprive the young of their food; don't let them grow up!" It sounds like a heartless plot, but it is only the advice of a biochemist to the recent convention of the New Jersey Mosquito Extermination Association. When mosquitoes are in the larval stage they feed on bacteria and other minute forms of vegetable or animal life. By putting chemicals into ponds and creeks you destroy their food, and therefore the young mosquitoes die before they have grown bills. The quantity of chemicals required is so small that it will not injure either fish or plant life.

THE JOY OF SKIING, says a devotee of the sport, is not only physical but intellectual. The skier must adapt his tactics to every mood of the hills, to every fickle fancy of the snow. Every kind of snow has its own pace, its own rhythm, its own charm. Before you realize what has happened you are off. A few curves and you decide to risk a straight run. The wind rises to a tempest and sucks the breath from your body. A

lonely fir swings past like a telegraph pole seen from an express train. Now comes the supreme crisis, the run out where the gradient suddenly changes. You throw your weight forward as the shock of landing drives up through your legs. To your intense astonishment you have not fallen.

BRICKLAYERS AND BRICKS

AN article published lately in the London Times and a recent report of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics have directed attention to a subject of rather curious interest; namely, the number of bricks that bricklayers lay in a working day. It is not so many as they could lay if they gave themselves wholeheartedly to the task, and not so many as they laid in years gone by. For that fact the policy and the rules of the labor union are largely responsible; for the union aims to prevent competition among its members, to establish a common standard of work well within the power of the least capable, and at some times and in some places to "spread the work out thin" in order to make it go as far as possible. But besides the influence of the union there are curious local habits and traditions that make a fair day's work in one city a very different thing from a fair day's work in another.

To begin with London, the bricklayer before the war worked ten hours and laid about 900 bricks. In 1922 he worked eight hours and laid only 500. Since his wages had doubled in those eight years, the cost of his work to the builder was between three and four times as much in 1922 as in 1914. Our own bricklayers get at least twice as much as the London bricklayer gets,—in some cities even more,—but they do more than twice as much work. In Atlanta the Bureau of Labor Statistics found union bricklayers laying 244 bricks an hour, and in Chattanooga nonunion men were laying 280—as many in two hours as the London workmen laid in eight.

In the larger cities of the North the standard is lower. In New York, Chicago and Cleveland it is about 150 bricks an hour. In Boston the Bureau found men laying only 98 an hour; but it is fair to the New England craftsman to say that Boston contractors call that figure "ridiculous" and assert that their men lay bricks almost twice as fast as that.

We have not the means of comparing the present standards with those of ten or twenty years ago, but it is probably true that in this country as in England the daily stint of the bricklayer has diminished as his wages have risen, and that the same thing is true of other workmen in the building trades. That is one of the reasons why it now costs from \$12,000 to \$15,000 to build a house that could formerly have been built for \$5000 or \$6000.

Labor-union leaders, who of course profess to adapt their policies to the advantage of their fellow-craftsmen and only incidentally to that of the community, are satisfied with the present state of affairs. Nevertheless, it has the unfortunate result of checking the building of low-priced houses and apartments that working people can afford. Business and office buildings and homes for the well-to-do are going up in plenty, but most cities report that very few houses are building for those who can pay only small rents. In England the case is worse than it is here. More than two million people are living in thoroughly unfit quarters because new housing that would be within their means cannot be supplied.

MAKING YOUR OWN RULES

SINCE there are so many rules and regulations to which people, if they are to be good citizens, must conform, what necessity is there for anyone to make further rules for himself? There is no necessity; but it is the part of wisdom to do it. Merely observing rules and regulations that are imposed on you will do but little for you. It is the character of the rules that you impose on yourself and the degree of faithfulness with which you observe them that determine the value of your life.

Control by society is a negative control, devised chiefly for the purpose of rendering people harmless to one another. Control from within, individual or self control, is positive and enables the person who exercises it to attain usefulness and power.

The boy who is merely obedient to school rules, and who formulates no principles of action for himself, is a harmless enough member of the community, but what boy is contented to pass through school with the appellation of "harmless" clinging to him? Observing school rules, worthy and even necessary though it is, will not of itself insure an education; it will not inevitably bring about such growth of mind and character as should result from school training. A boy learns to study only by compelling himself to concentrate on a disagreeable task; he achieves leadership among his fellows only by having convictions and holding loyally to them. Even the fullest compliance with school rules and regulations will not of necessity produce independence of character and loyalty of soul; those qualities the boy achieves only by following the rules of conduct that he has finally worked out for himself.

To make your own rules is therefore an important duty; but they must be rules that supplement, not rules that override, those which society imposes.

WIND

WHAT is impressive about the action of wind is not its force only but its extraordinary variability. Gravitation acts with unflinching system, so that you can count upon getting just such results from just such causes. A definite head of water will give you definite power, at all times and for all purposes. But to harness the wind, to make it do your bidding and come down to earth and drive your machinery and turn your wheels, is an altogether different task. Men for thousands of years have used the winds to urge their ships and drive their mills, but the process has been uncertain and the results are difficult to calculate.

And, as the winds are variable in power, so they vary strangely in quality. There is the soft, debilitating, subtly penetrating, fertilizing south wind. There is the harsh, acrid east wind, which, near the Atlantic at any rate, is so frequently laden with fog and gloom. There is the clear, gay, merry, bustling northwest wind, which blows as if it had to do all the business of the world and were eagerly ready to do it.

These shifting, varying perplexities of wind have made the poets always turn to it as a spiritual symbol. The spirit bloweth, like the wind, whither it listeth. The subtle, unaccountable moods and passions of women—and men—always suggest the vagaries of the wind, which comes and goes without obvious cause and works strange havoc in the settled purposes of life.

Above all, the wind has a strange, enthralling hold upon the human spirit itself. The soft south wind makes us indolent and languid. The harsh east wind makes us fretful and irritable. The strong north wind gives us of its own splendid energy and speed. A windy country wears on the nerves, so that it is even said that in the vast spaces of the Northwest the constant fury of the wind tends to produce insanity. At any rate, we all know the infinite beauty of quiet, after a fiercely windy day, when the incessant northern gusts have torn the leaves from the trees and peace from our hearts. As the Imitation puts it, "for after winter comes summer, after the night the day, and after a storm a great calm."

THE VOW OF POVERTY

"WE brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." All that we get out of the world is what we use while we are here. No matter what our incomes are or how much property we accumulate it is only what we consume that is completely and irrevocably ours. It is possible for some people with moderate incomes to consume more and thus get more out of the world than other people who have large incomes. In short it is our inclinations rather than the size of our incomes or the sum total of our property that determine what we spend upon ourselves.

In past times the man who took the vow of poverty was supposed to dedicate his life to contemplation or to service. Wealth was thought to be primarily a means of self-gratification. To take the vow of poverty, therefore, meant to possess no wealth. Our

ideas on that subject, however, have broadened. Wealth is no longer thought to be simply a means of self-gratification. It is as truly a means of service as the strength of a man's hands or the capacity of a man's intellect. In these days, therefore, we can take the vow of poverty and live up to it as rigidly as St. Francis of Assisi did and yet be millionaires. If a man regards his wealth merely as a kit of tools with which to render service; if he lives frugally, works hard and devotes all his powers, including his purchasing power, to service—he is fulfilling in the strictest sense the vow of poverty.

It is not necessary that he use his wealth charitably in the sense of giving it away. Probably the best thing he can do with it is to invest it in productive industries if he is wise enough and skillful enough to do that. The best thing anyone can do for poor men is to give them employment at good wages. The man who can build better factories in which men can earn better wages is doing them more good than the man who gives them alms. It is easy to give away a few thousand dollars and get nothing in return, but with the same amount of money to hire men to produce something that will replace that money is another and more difficult matter. If you can do that, you will then have a few more thousand dollars to give in the form of wages and thus can do much more than you could have done if you had given the first few thousand in the form of charity. So, by turning your fund over and over, by paying men wages in return for productive work, you can do much more good than you could do by any philanthropic plan. Those who are looking for opportunities to sacrifice themselves to the general good of mankind should at least consider this possibility. A vow of poverty taken in this spirit is better for other people than the same vow taken in the older spirit and just as good spiritually for him who takes it.

THE LEVEL OF THE LAKES

THE chain of the Great Lakes from Superior to Ontario is the most remarkable system of continental seas in the world. Its effect on the climate and the economic life of the interior of North America is most important. Without those bodies of water the heart of our continent might be almost as dry and as difficult of natural access as the heart of Asia. Millions of people are vitally concerned in maintaining the Great Lakes unimpaired as reservoirs of power, as sources of water supply, as navigable channels for commerce, as controllers of rainfall. It is a matter for apprehension when, as appears now to be the case, the level of them is steadily falling. So far the effect is only to be noticed at some of the lake ports or in some of the passages between the lakes where it is no longer possible to float the largest cargo steamships if loaded to their capacity; but if the process continues, the dwellers in the Middle West and in Upper Canada are likely to be inconvenienced in many ways.

There are no doubt several influences at work to lower the water in the Great Lakes. The one that we hear most about, because it is the most conspicuous, is the drainage canal at Chicago, which turns an immense amount of water out of Lake Michigan to carry the sewage of Chicago into the Illinois and the Mississippi River. The protests against the diversion of so much water from its natural channel have aroused so much discussion that the authorities in Chicago have recently invited a group of eminent engineers to study the whole subject of lake levels as affected by the drainage canal. It is admitted of course that the canal might be closed and the water all retained in Lake Michigan, but it would be an expensive matter to dispose of the sewage chemically and without polluting the water of the lake for a great distance from the city; and moreover, the people of Chicago would like to divert still more water, so as to establish a navigable waterway into the Mississippi.

It is a fact, however, that for a number of years the rainfall has been somewhat deficient, and, since the lakes drain a basin not much larger than that which they themselves occupy, an insufficient rainfall has an immediate effect on the water level. The deepening of the channel in the Detroit River, which was originally five and is now thirty feet deep, and the use of lake water in the canals at the lower end of Lake Erie and the power projects at Niagara have all had some influence in hurrying the water out of the lakes faster than Nature intended it to go.

The congress of engineers of which we have spoken has recommended a plan that its members believe would permit all the present uses of the lake water without reducing the levels any further. They advise a system of regulatory works similar in principle to those that now regulate the outflow from Lake Superior at Sault Ste. Marie. There would be a dam in the Detroit River to restrict the flow to the ship channel, another above Niagara Falls, another where the Niagara River enters Lake Ontario and another perhaps in the St. Lawrence River at a point near where it leaves the lake. Those works, the engineers say, would increase the amount of water that could be used for power at Niagara and at the same time check the speed with which the falls are eating their way back through the rock toward Lake Erie. They would also, if the calculations are correct, permit the drainage canal at Chicago to be maintained and still prevent the level of the water at the other lake ports from falling. They would be costly, and there would be much difference of opinion, no doubt, about where the money to build them should be found. In every case they would rest partly on American and partly on Canadian shores, though they would be of more service probably to American than to Canadian interests.

The only other suggestion is that Chicago should be forced to close its drainage canal and dispose of the sewage by chemical means; but that alone might not be enough. The subject is one that will have to be carefully studied for some years, and in the end public authority will almost certainly be called upon to control the situation.

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PERRY MASON COMPANY
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CURRENT EVENTS

IN spite of pessimistic prophecies the German republic stands and seems to gather strength. There are plenty of monarchists both in Prussia and in Bavaria, but they are much less assertive than they were a year or two ago. General Ludendorff, who thought himself the almost divinely chosen leader of that party, has seen all his plots fail and has withdrawn from politics. The Black, Red and Gold Banner Corps, which is the best-known republican organization in Germany, is only a year old, but it already has three million members. It has been holding its first birthday celebration at Magdeburg with lively enthusiasm. There were Austrian delegates present who spoke hopefully of bringing about the union of German Austria with the republic. The occasion reached its climax in a huge bonfire in which boundary posts, supposed to represent the separatism

that for centuries has kept the German states apart, were burned amidst loud rejoicing.

AT a conference held in Chicago a number of the conspicuous men who supported Senator La Follette in the last Presidential campaign voted to continue the party organization then built up. Organized labor, as represented by the heads of the sixteen labor unions that approved the La Follette candidacy and became connected with the Conference for Progressive Political Action, was not in favor of the new party; or at least it was unwilling to ally itself openly with it. Fifteen of the labor leaders voted against doing it. Only one of them, Mr. William H. Johnston of the Machinists' Union, was warmly in favor of remaining bound to the new party.

MR. SIMON GUGGENHEIM, one of the family of copper magnates, has turned over to a body of trustees a fund of about three million dollars, the income of which is to be used to support fellowships for able and deserving young American scholars who have the capacity to profit by research or postgraduate work, but who are without the means to do it. The holders of the fellowships may go to whatever university they please, either in this country or abroad. Mr. Guggenheim has not laid down any set of rules by which the fellows are to be chosen; he has left that to an advisory board, of which President Aydelotte of Swarthmore College is chairman. The fund is intended to help two classes of scholars: those who are fitted to engage in important research, but who for financial reasons have to give their time to teaching, and those who are first of all teachers, but who cannot afford to take advantage of their occasional periods of leisure to go to the universities where their particular branches can best be studied.

PREMIER BALDWIN of Great Britain is still playing with the idea of protection for British industry. When he hazarded a general election on the issue of protection a year and more ago he was soundly beaten; so he does not now propose that the government adopt the system as a principle, but only that those British industries which think they need protection be allowed to present their cases to the Board of Trade; and that, if they can convince the board that they are really exposed to ruinous foreign competition, the government shall bring into Parliament separate bills enacting tariff duties for limited periods by way of relief. He would have it further provided that no person "whose interests can be materially affected in any way by any action that may be taken" shall have any part in the Board of Trade's investigations.

HAVING completed with entire success a nonstop trip to Bermuda and back, the Los Angeles, our newest dirigible balloon, may next be heard of as making a mail flight across the Atlantic ocean to London. The trip from Lakehurst to Bermuda was made in twelve hours. The great airship averaged almost sixty miles an hour with forty-eight persons on board and at a cost of only \$500 for fuel for the whole trip. On the return voyage the Los Angeles left Bermuda just as a mail steamer for New York was clearing. Before midnight the Los Angeles was back at Lakehurst. By morning, Admiral Moffett, one of those who made the trip, was again at his desk in Washington, but the mail steamer was still tossing about in the Gulf Stream several hundred miles from New York.

THE quarrel that has arisen between Mr. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor who conceived and designed the remarkable memorial to the Confederate soldiers that is now being cut upon the precipitous side of Stone Mountain, and the committee that is financing the enterprise is most unfortunate. Into the rights and wrongs of that quarrel we cannot go, for the accounts of it that reach us are confusing. But Mr. Borglum is dismissed; he has retaliated by destroying all his drawings and models, and the great undertaking is at a complete standstill. Mr. Borglum's dream appealed to the imagination of everyone; it will be a pity if it is never realized.



Every mother ought to have this booklet. It contains helpful information from children's specialists on proper diet from 1 to 10 years

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Jane Dog

By LINDA STEVENS ALMOND

"I WANT to go to the fair," said Jane Dog to Joe Dog, who was her husband.

"But, my dear, we cannot go today," said Joe Dog.

"Nonsense!" retorted Jane Dog. "I want to go to the fair, I say."

"I am very busy today, my dear," said Joe Dog, rubbing his hands together.

"Very, very busy, my dear; so we cannot go."

"I want to go! I must go! I will go!" cried Jane Dog. "If I don't go, I shall have a fit."

"Oh, in that case," said Joe Dog with a great deal of agitation, "we'll set off for the fair. Dry your eyes and get ready."

So Joe Dog and Jane Dog went to the fair in their yellow dogcart, and Jane Dog wanted everything she saw. First it was a bonnet with feathers, then a reticule, then a pair of slippers with red heels, then a fan and a string of beads and a bracelet and goodness knows what else.

"My dear, we cannot afford to buy so much," timidly suggested Joe Dog, though he was exceedingly fond of Jane Dog and it pained him deeply to deny her anything.

"Tut, tut," snapped Jane Dog. "I know very well what you can afford."

You are stingy, Joe Dog. Before long you will be a miser. Mrs. Pommy Ranian has twice as much as I have, and old Pom isn't half so well off as you are."

"Nonsense!" retorted Joe Dog.

"There you go, speaking unkindly to me!" whimpered Jane Dog.

"Oh, but I assure you I did not mean to be unkind," cried Joe Dog.

"Very well, to show me that you did not mean to speak unkindly buy this darling little work basket for me, Joe Dog," said Jane Dog as she spied a work basket in a booth.

"Very well, my dear," said Joe Dog with a deep sigh. After that, to keep in the good graces of Jane Dog he bought her a pair of quilted slippers and a lace petticoat and a feather boa. Really you never saw the like of things! Poor Joe Dog wondered whether the dogcart would hold the bundles and boxes and parcels and packages that they had.

All the way home Jane Dog fretted because she had not bought a fringed shawl, and when they reached home she did not like a single one of her purchases. She thought it would be a good idea to go back to the fair the next day and exchange them, and when Joe Dog said, "No! Emphatically no!" Jane Dog broke into loud wailing. In fact she had a tantrum, and Joe Dog had to run for the smelling salts and bathe her head in cologne water.



When at last she was quite calm again and taking forty winks Joe Dog thought: "Something must be done. Things have reached a desperate state. I know! I shall go to my father and ask his advice. He is considered very wise."

So Joe Dog went to see his father, old Jeremiah Dog, and he said: "Dear father, Dog. 'Suit yourself. I shall make no more suggestions.'"

Then Joe Dog went to see his good friend Doctor Raterrier. He said: "My wife, Jane Dog, is gradually bringing me to ruin by wanting to buy everything she sees. What would you do, dear doctor?"

forever wanting this and that—a hat like Mrs. Pommy Ranian's or a frock like Mrs. Airey Dale's or a coat like Mrs. Pecky Neese's or a parasol like Mrs. Chihuahua's. It's enough to set me crazy, and if it keeps up we shall soon land in the poorhouse."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Docia Dog.

"Well, whatever shall I do, mother-in-law?" asked Joe Dog in the greatest distress.

Mrs. Docia Dog patted Joe Dog's arm and said: "The whole thing is as easy as pie, dear son-in-law. Just go ahead and let that silly Jane Dog do as she pleases."

If she wants to go to town, you say to her, 'Yes, my dear.' And if she wants a new frock, you say to her, 'Certainly, my dear—'

"Hold on!" cried Joe Dog. "I believe you are plotting my downfall. Either you are in a conspiracy with my wife or you don't know Jane Dog."

"Oh, I know Jane Dog," said Mrs. Docia Dog. "I should, you know, since she is my own daughter."

Joe Dog groaned. "All the same," said he, "I think you have made an absurd suggestion. I should never have asked you."

"Calm yourself, dear son-in-law, calm yourself," said Mrs. Docia Dog. "Then go along home and do exactly as I tell you, at least for one day."

So Joe Dog went home. He found Jane Dog fully recovered; indeed, she ran to the door to meet him. Said she, "Shall we go to the fair, Joe Dog?"

"My dear—" Joe Dog stopped short. He was on the point of saying: "My dear, we cannot go to the fair again today." But he remembered the advice of his mother-in-law and said instead: "By all means, my dear. Get on your cape and bonnet and to the fair we will go."

Without further delay Joe Dog ran to fetch the dogcart, and when he came to the front door Jane Dog said: "Really it doesn't matter whether I go or not, Joe Dog." But they went to the fair, and when Jane Dog saw a pink parasol she said: "Oh, pray buy me that pink parasol, Joe Dog."

And Joe Dog said: "With pleasure, my dear. And if you see a frock you like, I will buy that too, or a new hat or a coat like Mrs. Pecky Neese's or a new basket or a bracelet; in fact anything and everything you want."

"But I don't want anything and everything. I don't want to buy anything at all," said Jane Dog. "I am tired of buying. I want to go home."

"With pleasure, my dear," said Joe Dog. Straightway they got in the dogcart and drove home, and after that they lived happily until the end of their days.

The Old Woman who lives in the Town

by Pringle Barret



ILLUSTRATED BY REGINALD BIRCH

There is an Old Woman
Who lives in the town
And makes it her business
To sell eider down.
(They put it in pillows
All fluffy and white
To muss in the daytime
And sleep on at night.)
I thought I would buy some
For dolly's new puff;
I had a few pennies
But not quite enough;
I went to the house
Where the Old Woman dwelt
And told her exactly
How troubled I felt.
I told her I wanted
An eider down puff
For Jane—that's my dolly—
Of very soft stuff.
Although I'd not pennies
To pay for it now,
I thought I could earn them
If she'd show me how.
She laughed a gay laugh.
I don't want any pay,
She said. And the puff
Was all ready next day.
So now we're acquainted,
Old Woman and I;
I mean to do something
For her by and by.
When Jane doesn't need me
I often go down
To see that Old Woman
Who lives in the town.
We visit together—
I sew and she mends;
We chatter and
gossip,
The best of
good friends.

I need your advice. My wife, Jane Dog, is a spendthrift. She wants everything she sees and everything she doesn't see. Sooner or later she will ruin me."

Old Jeremiah Dog twirled his whiskers. At length he said: "Lock her in her room until she promises to change her ways. That is my advice."

"I wouldn't do," said Joe Dog. "You don't understand my wife. She would go into such a rage that she would harm herself."

"Very well," replied old Jeremiah

"Box her ears," promptly replied Doctor Raterrier.

"Never!" exclaimed Joe Dog with great indignation. "How can you suggest such a cruel thing? Why, she would leave me!"

"Humph!" said Doctor Raterrier. And no more than that would Doctor Raterrier say.

Next Joe Dog called upon his mother-in-law, Mrs. Docia Dog. Said he: "Dear mother-in-law, my wife, Jane Dog, is giving me a great deal of trouble. She is

forever wanting this and that—a hat like Mrs. Pommy Ranian's or a frock like Mrs. Airey Dale's or a coat like Mrs. Pecky Neese's or a parasol like Mrs. Chihuahua's. It's enough to set me crazy, and if it keeps up we shall soon land in the poorhouse."

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SHAREHOLDERS

By Nancy Byrd Turner



*None but the lonely know how sweet it is
To pass a window shining on the gloom
And see across some dear, deep-curtained room
The firelight and the fellowship of home.
Only the solitary watch for this.*

*But this is much: to recognize the best
In one illumined instant, unmistakable;
At the dream's outer edge to stand heart-shaken
And name Love's name and mark Life's holiest.
That much the homeless have and, having, are
blest.*

THE PLUM TREE

MR. CUSHING was showing his friend over his well-kept farm.

"You have a lovely orchard here and such well-kept trees!" exclaimed the visitor.

"Yes, these trees do pretty well," replied Mr. Cushing, "but if you wish to see a tree that is a tree come this way."

He took his friend to the back field and showed him a fine plum tree loaded with fruit. "Taste that," he said, handing his visitor a plum.

"What delicious fruit!" the man exclaimed. "And the tree is heavily loaded!"

"Yes, and it's like that every year," said Mr. Cushing. "The other trees have off seasons, but this one never fails us."

"I never heard of such a tree before," said the visitor. "You must give it extra care."

"Only a little pruning once in a while, that is all," replied the farmer. "But that tree, or rather its root, has a history. My, I was mad at first to find a tree growing here in the middle of this field! The tree looked all right, but its fruit was wild, hard and sour. So I chopped the tree down. But it grew up again, and I chopped it down a second time. Once more it grew up, lustier than ever. Then I said, 'Well, if you have such vitality, you had better be doing something worth while.' So I got a graft from a good tree, cut the plum tree and placed the graft. Now you see what has happened."

"You had better tell your pastor about that; he could use it as a parable," said the visitor. "When we see wild young life we are quick to say, 'Cut it down; it is worthless.' But the better way is to engraft on it the Word, the spirit of Christ, for then the tree will bear good fruit."

THE MUD AND THE SUNSET

ONE autumn evening at sunset two men were loitering on the picturesque old bridge at Battersea, England. One of them was a writer, hard-working but unsuccessful.

The river was at a low stage, at least three-quarters ebb, and on each side of it there were patches of shining mud that reflected the glorious western sky, which turned the ooze into a mass of wonderful colors.

Though the writer was hungry, he forgot his hunger as he stood there watching. He was pleased to see the other man, also watching.

Presently the other man edged a little closer to the writer and remarked, "Throws up a 'cap of mud,' don't she?"

It was not the sunset that he was seeing, but the mud. The glory that was thrilling one was lost on the other.

The world is there in those two men. They are representative; the whole world might be ranged behind one or the other—those who see the mud and those who see the glory. In life everything depends on the eyes we look with, and it is worth while to sacrifice almost all else if we may only get the right sort of eyes. Modern realism, so-called, is often the ability to see only mud. It is also a form of blindness, the inability to see the finer, purer aspects of life.

THE MYSTERIOUS KNOCKING

WHEN the Civil War broke out, writes a contributor, Grandfather Clarke was too old to enlist, and so he went to work in the armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, leaving Grandmother Clarke and the children on the farm. Because one half of the house was in Massachusetts, and the other half in Connecticut the place was known as the Linehouse Farm. It was a lonesome spot; there were no neighbors within a mile, and the nearest city, Palmer, Massachusetts, was fifteen miles away. Grandfather walked home from Springfield perhaps once a month.

One night one of the smaller children woke up and began to cry, thus wakening the others. One of the older ones heard a noise like knocking and woke grandmother to tell her that some one was knocking on the cellar door. At the same time they all heard a rooster crow and then a hen squawk. They decided that some one was robbing the chicken coop.

With much shivering and chattering of teeth, for the weather was cold, the elder children and grandmother hastily donned a few garments and started to investigate, taking as weapons some of the bed slats. They went cautiously down the stairs, and when they were in the kitchen they peered out of the window. It was moonlight, and they could see that the door of the hen coop was just as they had fastened it. Thereupon one of the older boys volunteered to go round the house and see whether he could discover anything wrong. Grandmother lit a candle, stepped into the dark hall and silently let him out. He made a rapid trip round the house and, returning, reported that he could find nothing wrong. So back to bed they all went.

But in the morning when they counted the poultry a pet rooster and a hen were missing, though they could find no signs that anyone had been in the yard. Sleep on the following night was out of the question; they all lay awake listening. About midnight grandmother heard a knocking that seemed to come from the cellar. She had the fire tongs beside her bed; so, taking them along, she started to investigate. One of the boys went ahead with a bed slat, and another, also armed with a slat, followed her. They were all barefooted, but of course the stairs would creak. Trembling with fear, the boy ahead opened the cellar door. Nothing could be seen except the stairs. Grandmother and the boys went cautiously down, and at the bottom they found the cause of their scare.

In those days the wash tubs were made of wood and had wooden handles, so that if a tub was inverted and rested on the handles it would rock if touched. On an inverted tub was the pet rooster and the missing hen, and as the moonlight came through the window and shone upon them the rooster flapped his wings and crowed. The hen being crowded, gave a little squawk, and as they moved the tub rocked and made a noise as of a person knocking. A broken window showed how they had entered the cellar.

Grandmother's poultry were great foragers. No doubt the pair had returned home after grandmother had fastened the door of the poultry house and, since the weather was cold, had crawled through the broken window into the cellar.

MR. PEASLEE'S VACATION

"I AIN'T saying my wife's any hand to find fault, Hyne," said Caleb Peaslee cautiously, "and I don't want you should breathe a word that'd give anybody that idea, least of all her; but at the same time there's somethin' I've got a good mind to tell you."

He paused, and the deacon, knowing Mrs. Peaslee, solemnly agreed "not to let on a whisper" and waited to hear the worst.

"It starts jest the same every year," Caleb began. "For four or five weeks I can't do a thing right or say a word hardly that'll suit her; and if I git my courage killed and try not to do anything, seein' I can't do it right, then I'm thoughtless and don't care if she kills herself workin'."

"This p'ticular year it was about the hen-house; I always whitewash it inside and outside once a year, and I always mix the whitewash the same way—jest so much lime and so much water, and I've done it that way for forty years or so. But this year it had to be done diff'rent; she wanted a little yellor in it so it wouldn't look so ghastly. I never'd noticed that it didn't look all right, and I started to tell her so, but I didn't more'n jest to say start when I see the time had come for me to finish too, so I shet my mouth and didn't say anything."

"Next thing I noticed was when I passed a remark about John Sibley's lettin' his fence sag down when an hour's work would set it straight again and another hour's work would paint it, jest s'posin' he cared anything about how his place looked. Most times she'd have agreed with the amendment that when he got done fixin' his fence it'd be well 'nough for him to pay some 'tention to the blinds on the north side of his house; but this year she didn't say anything of the kind; she jest switched off to one side and let out some remark about it would look better for me to cut some of the suckers and water-sprouts out of my apple trees b'fore I picked too many flaws in the way John Sibley kep' his place lookin'. I had judgment 'nough to see it wa'n't a time when argument was goin' to better my case any, so I shet up again and beat her that way."

"I fixed the back doorstep for her the other day when she asked me to, and when I got it all done she up and told me she wanted to have the plank planed smooth—after I'd got it nailed down so solid it'd take a claw-bar to git it loose again. So I had to git a nail set and drive the heads of the nails in, and even then I missed one and nicked the aidge of my plane so it'll take a long grindin' to make it smooth again. She had somethin' pretty nippin' to say about a grown man that didn't have sense 'nough to chore round the house without a woman to keep watch. I didn't hear the whole of it on 'count of prudence's tellin' me it was better for me to go away than it was to answer her back, and I was so mad at dulin' my plane that I knew I'd say somethin' if I stayed."

The deacon marmured sympathetically, and Caleb nodded in perfect understanding.

"I could have said what I thought," he asserted, "and been more'n justified in it. But I didn't; I jest went down back of the barn and split a tough knot of stove wood that I ain't been able to bust for a year. Every clip I hit it I worked off some of my temper, and by the time I'd got it fit to go in the stove I was all right again."

"I ain't goin' to tell you any more things I've done wrong, Hyne; I've told you 'nough so you can understand what I've lived through again this year same's I have other years—and it's 'bout the same as over now for this year."

"Over?" the deacon echoed. "She's had me git her trunk down out of the attic," Caleb explained blandly, "and it'll take her a couple of days to pack and then one more day to unpack and do it all over again to make room for the things she left out the first packin'. That'll fetch it to Thursday; about Friday you'll see me, if you watch, drivin' her to the station."

"And when she comes back she'll be so out of sorts with the way Nathan's folks do things that everything I do'll seem jest about a pattern of the way things ought to be done. It's that way every year; she gits so tired of seein' things done diff'rent and bein' rushed round from one rel'tive's house to another and hearin' views advanced that she don't have any patience with that when she gits back home here she jest settles back with a sigh—like a hoss when you take off his harness. And from then on I'll have extry good things to eat, and till the time comes next year I won't have faults picked in what I do and say—not more'n I'm d'servin' of, I mean, and mebbe not quite that."

"That's when my vacation comes, 's you might say," he remarked with a grin. "It's some trial gittin' it ready, but it's wuth it when I git it!"

THE EDISON SHIRT

DURING the years of Mr. Thomas A. Edison's early and extraordinary fame as an inventor newspaper reporters regarded him as wonderfully good "copy." Everything they could get from him they expanded into long articles, and when there was no news from his laboratory they often amused themselves by concocting imaginary interviews in which inventions of the most singular ingenuity and complexity were described.

All that, of course, caused Mr. Edison a great deal of annoyance. The most troublesome of all the newspaper hoaxes was one at which, said the inventor to Mr. Francis Arthur Jones, who has written an interesting book about Mr. Edison's work, "I can laugh now, though at the time I did not think it quite so amusing."

One of the newspaper men traveled down to the laboratory one day and, not being able to see Edison or get any startling information from his associates, went home and wrote an article of his own invention. He declared that Edison was shortly bringing out an ingenious shirt that would last the ordinary man twelve months or longer if he were economical. The front of the shirt, he declared, was made up of three hundred and sixty-five thin layers of a certain fibrous material, the composition of which was known only to the inventor, and each morning the wearer put the garment on all he had to do to restore the front to its usual pristine spotlessness was to tear off one of the layers.

The writer declared that Edison himself wore one of the shirts, and that he considered the invention as the biggest thing he had yet accomplished. The story was published in five hundred papers, and the queer part is that many readers believed the statements to be true. Everyone seemed to hanker after one of those shirts, and Edison soon began to receive requests for supplies varying from one to a hundred dozens. At first he gave orders that a letter should be sent to the would-be buyers of the "Edison shirt," informing them that the story was untrue, and that the inventor hadn't tried his hand at patent clothing yet; but the letters continued to come in such numbers that answering letters soon became impossible. Many of the writers inclosed drafts

SALESMANSHIP



Salesman: "Now, here's an overcoat for you, sir; look at it—feel the material—there's value for money!"

Buyer: "Yes, but I want a new coat: that happens to be the one I've just taken off."

—Fraser in London Opinion

and cheeks, and those of course had to be returned.

Then the story got into the papers of other countries, and every race of people from Chinese to South Africans seemed desirous of getting some of the shirts. For more than a year orders poured in until at last people turned their attention to something else.

"But it was a foolish story," Edison declared, "and, if I could have found the young man who wrote it up, I guess he wouldn't have wanted a shirt or anything else on his back for a few weeks!"

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION

IMAGINATION, like the consciousness of being well and fashionably dressed, has a singular power of imparting warmth to the frame. If you think you are warm, you really are. So at least the following story from the Tatler would seem to prove:

The late Charles Brookfield used to tell a story of a miserable railway journey that he had to undertake with some friends in order to get to a certain country house. It was bitterly cold, and by the time they got to the end of their journey it was pitch dark, and they were nearly frozen. A private omnibus had been sent to meet them, and they trooped in and pulled up the glass of the window.

"I hope to goodness they've remembered to put in the foot warmers!" exclaimed one of them, reconnoitring with his foot. "Oh, thank goodness! Yes, they're there."

Sure enough, they found, stored under the seats, two heavy contrivances, which they hauled into line and gratefully rested their feet on. The effect was instantaneous. Immediately a delicious warmth permeated the soles of their boots and thawed their icy feet, and soon their whole bodies were in a glow.

"Hang it!" one of them remarked, perspiring freely, "This is almost too much of a good thing. Let's have the window down."

They were thoroughly warm and refreshed by the time they arrived at the house, where they were met by an apologetic butler, who expressed regret that the omnibus had been sent off without foot warmers. It then turned out that the objects on which they had been so cosily resting their feet were two of their own gun cases. Their own imaginations had warmed their feet!

HERE'S A GOOD FOX STORY

A CONTRIBUTOR to The Companion who knows well the fox-hunting country of Virginia, especially in the neighborhood of Gravel Hill, passes on to us a story that he has often heard his grandfather tell. We have heard many extraordinary stories of vulpine cleverness, but we must admit that this beats them all!

My grandfather used to tell of a fox that gave the hunters much trouble. They never had any difficulty in getting up a chase. When the dogs "jumped" the fox and he had given them a good run he invariably made for a hollow tree, which lay on the ground. The tree had an opening at both ends. By inserting a pole in one end the hunters could easily drive him out at the other. The dogs of course would give chase, but after giving them another good run the fox would come back to the hollow log, and the same manoeuvre would be repeated. After two or at most three such runs the dogs were completely tired out.

The next time the hunters visited that region they found that some farm hands had split the log open, for they had suspected a trick. Sure enough when the log was opened they found several foxes inside. It appears that the first fox chased entered at one end of the log and lay quiet, and the fox that issued at the other was fresh. Running thus by relays, they could have broken down all the dogs in the county.

THESE PRYING OFFICIALS

WHEN we use the same word to mean two different things—and the English language often economizes in that way—we risk causing a misunderstanding of the kind that annoyed a lady that the Minneapolis Tribune tells about. She approached the post-office window belligerently.

"I've been expecting a package containing medicine for a week and haven't received it yet!"

"Yes, madam," replied the postoffice clerk. "Kindly fill in this form and state the nature of your complaint."

"Well, it's no business of yours," the woman snapped, "but if you really must know, it's rheumatism. I have it very bad across my shoulders."

THE MAID'S IDEA OF IT

ONE theory of compensation is that a person should be paid for his work according to its difficulty and not according to the skill with which he performs it. A woman of whom the Tatler tells was a convinced adherent to that theory.

A lady was about to engage a maid. "It seems to me," she said, "that you ask very high wages, seeing that you've had no experience." "Oh, no, mum," answered the girl earnestly; "you see, it's much harder work when you don't know how."



THE DEPARTMENT PAGES

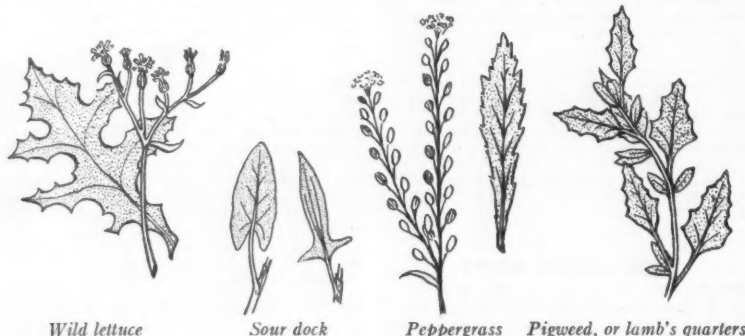


IN NATURE'S GARDEN

TO the boy or girl who lives in the country and knows where to search Nature offers a large variety of wild greens. There is pleasure in hunting for them and bringing them into the kitchen, for they make a welcome change of diet in the early spring when the price of fresh vegetables in the northern markets is still high.

The best known of the greens in Nature's garden are of course dandelions. If the season is early, by the middle of March you will find the small mats of leaves flat on the ground in some warm, grassy place. The flower buds are folded closely within the leaves.

Cut the plants carefully as gardeners cut



Wild lettuce

Sour dock

Peppergrass

Pigweed, or lamb's quarters

spinach, so that the leaves remain attached to the crown. Pick away dead leaves and grass and make the dandelions ready for washing as you cut them. If you leave the trash with them, the wilted leaves will be in such a discouraging tangle by the time you reach home that you will probably throw the whole mess away.

Remember that it takes a large basketful of dandelions to make enough for a dish of greens, especially if the family is large.

Often in March the delicate foliage of the swamp mustard appears in low, moist places in the pastures. The leaves are too young at this time to have their true flavor, but they make a good salad, and their spicy flavor makes an excellent relish with bread and butter.

A little later there will be a wider variety to choose from; then you can gather a basket of "mixed greens." They may include wild lettuce, sourdock, peppergrass, dandelion, milkweed and two or three varieties of wild mustard.

All of them can go into the basket together and should be supplemented with a few young horseradish leaves to give an added flavor. They should be boiled in as little water as possible with a few slices of bacon and should be served with vinegar.

One of the most delicious of wild greens is a diminutive plant called lamb's quarters or pigweed. It can be used when it is only a few inches high, and, if the coarser stems are rejected, it is good when it has become quite tall, for it never becomes tough and fibrous. It should be cooked like spinach, which it much resembles.

In cooking both spinach and lamb's quarters be sparing of the water. There should be just enough to permit the greens to boil twenty minutes without going dry. The closely packed mass of greens should be lifted out into a dish and cut into portions before it is served.

Even earlier than the dandelion you will find watercress. The best place to look for that smooth-leaved relative of the horseradish is by some hillside spring or in a brook.

In lower ground, usually where springs have made the land marshy, flags grow in profusion. Pull some of them, and, if you find one with an aromatic root stock, you can be pretty sure that it is "sweet flag." Because of its pleasant flavor it was formerly used extensively in candy making, but it is rather astringent and cannot be eaten in large quantities.

A word of caution; if while searching for greens you come upon a plant that has fine leaves and a root that smells like a parsnip, let it alone; it is wild parsnip, and both the leaves and the root are poisonous.

THE HOUR STENOGRAPHER

MANY insurance agents, real-estate dealers and small business concerns who have daily letters to get out cannot afford the full time of a stenographer and dislike the bother of taking their business to a public stenographer. A girl with a knowledge of typing who did not wish to give the whole day to confining work visited five business men who had no stenog-



Sweet flag

raphers and offered to turn out their letters each morning at the price of ten cents a letter—an offer that all of them accepted.

Often the men had to be out of their offices, but they left the letters to be answered on the desk, with directions as to the general tone of the answer. Before she left each office the girl arranged the letters in an orderly pile to be signed and entered their number in a book left for the purpose. Each week she cleared from six to eight dollars; and as she lived at home that was enough for pin money and even for some of her clothing. It has been a year since she began the work, and there are now more demands for her services than she can meet. It is not all play, for she studies well-written business letters and drafts forms that are not stereotyped. Word of her ability has gone through the town, and she often adds letters for ministers and many forms of club-service letters to her list. By doing that the six or eight dollars a week upon which she

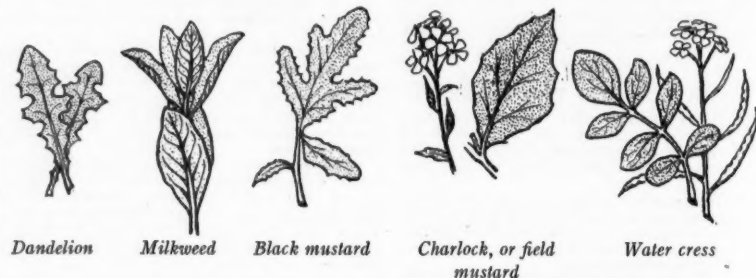
tired and sang in tired voices and in general were "at the end of their rope." She told them that they could accomplish more and with less strain if they would eliminate "frittering." She had heard so many students say: "I must go to the library to do that history reading, and I must finish a hundred odd jobs before night." They were feeling immensely overworked while the minutes went slipping by filled with nothing except uneasy chat. If they would do their work briskly first, they could loaf and talk afterwards with a clear conscience, they could play with more enjoyment and greater benefit to mind and body, and they could return to their tasks, when the time came, with energy and freshness.

A memorandum for the day is, like a shopping list, a great help to girls who have a great deal to do and a tendency to worry. A girl is peculiarly open to interruptions from relatives and friends. Her time is supposed to be rather flexibly arranged, and social demands come unexpectedly, but an industrious dash at duties at the first opportunity is a great help. Another help is a memorandum for the day—a list of things to be done. One boy crossed off each finished item in red crayon, and copied the unfinished tasks in dark blue on the next day's memorandum—dark blue for the mood in which he left them hanging over. It is a help to see each day's "table of contents" in tabulated form.

A specialist in the study of conditions that promote health advised all "high-strung" persons to begin every task with promptness, finish it with distinction and then really leave it.

The hardest point in the programme is getting started. When the self-starter of an automobile refuses to work the engine can sometimes be started by pushing the car. The turning of the wheels sets the engine going, and the car is soon running on its own power. When your spiritual self-starter is out of order and ambition is dead you can push yourself into going through the motions of doing your work; and if you do it, you suddenly find to your astonishment that the humdrum task has turned your sluggishness into energy, that the zest of doing things has started the engine, and that you are running on your own power.

When the trip is ended the driver stops. He doesn't run the car round in circles inside the garage, as some persons revolve their duties in their brains. He drives in, stops the engine, takes out the key and snaps out the lights. In starting and stopping, beginning and quitting,



Dandelion

Milkweed

Black mustard

Charlock, or field mustard

Water cress

a good motto for health and achievement is: "Snap On, Snap Off."

SPOTTING, TRIMMING AND MOUNTING PRINTS

Part Two

All finished prints require trimming or matting to give the picture clean, true edges. Such edges can be had by masking the edges of the negative when you print, by mounting the print under a cut-out mat or by trimming the edges in the usual way before attaching the print to a mount. A regular print trimmer provided with a long pivoted cutting blade is the most convenient tool for trimming prints; but if you haven't one, good results can be got with a sharp pocket knife and a ruler or a carpenter's small steel square.

From the artistic point of view trimming or masking a print means more than doing the work mechanically well. Perhaps the most obvious faults that can be corrected by trimming are a horizon line that is off the level and the leaning to one side of vertical lines in such subjects as buildings—defects that come from holding the camera out of level when making the exposure. You can go further than that, however, and often greatly improve the effectiveness of a picture by trimming off all the superfluous material that detracts from the main subject matter. Then too the shape of the negative should



Wild parsnip. It's poison

tints. White and different shades of gray are the best for black and white prints. Cream and soft browns go well with sepia prints. When using a tinted stock place the unmounted print on the pieces of different shades and note the effect of each. Sometimes an extra piece of a different shade, cut a little larger than the print to form a border, will enhance the effectiveness of the picture.

In placing the print allow a considerably wider margin at the bottom than at the top. The side margins may be the same width as the top one or a trifle wider.

A LIGHT TASK FOR THE "SHUT-IN"

A YOUNG woman who was a "shut-in" spent some of her time in taking apart the magazines and papers that her friends sent her and passing them on to others.

Instead of giving a whole magazine to one person she sorted out the things that she knew her friends liked and made collections of clippings on many different subjects.

Busy mothers liked the receipts; school teachers, "pieces to speak" for their pupils; the minister was glad to get items of religious interest and bright anecdotes that he could use in talks to the Sunday school. Club women welcomed news of other clubs; boys and girls were glad to get directions for new games; community workers liked playlets and songs; and home-makers found pleasure in patterns and economical suggestions.

The easy task kept alive the

girl's interest in the outside world, for often her friends came in to tell of an entertainment that she had had a hand in getting up. It brought many callers to her door who needed material of various sorts, and soon neighbors remembered to give her their old magazines. A life that had been something of a burden became something of a pleasure to the "shut-in."

GAMES FOR A MARCH HARE

1. A CIRCLE RACE

A CAPTAIN is chosen to direct the game. The other players form a circle round her, all facing the same way and each one separated from the next by a distance of a few feet. When the captain blows her whistle the players begin to run round the circle, trying each to tag or to pass the girl immediately in front of her. When the captain blows the whistle again they face about and run in the opposite direction, and each girl pursues the one who was chasing her. The players reverse the direction every time that the whistle is blown. As soon as a girl is tagged or passed she drops out; the last girl left is the winner.

2. MIDNIGHT

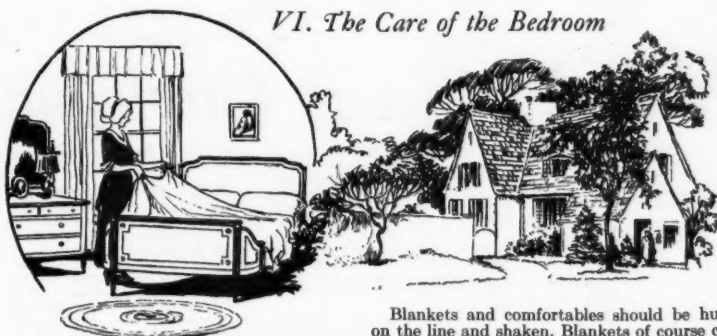
One girl represents the fox, the other players the sheep. At each end of the field a space is marked off—one for the fox's den, the other for the sheep pen. The fox advances toward the sheep pen, and the sheep go to meet her, asking, "What time is it?" So long as the fox replies "Noon," "Morning" or any hour except midnight the sheep are safe, but when she cries "Midnight!" the sheep must run for their pen, and the fox chases them. Any sheep that is caught before she reaches the pen becomes the fox and tries to catch the sheep the next time that they venture out.

3. JUMP THE SHOT

The players form a circle and face toward one player who occupies the centre of the ring and holds one end of a rope, to the other end of which is tied a heavy bean bag. The odd player swings the rope many times round the circle under the feet of the other players, who, as it passes under their feet, jump to avoid being struck by it. As soon as a player is hit by the bag or the rope she drops out of the game. The girl who stays in longest is the winner.

THE YOUNG HOUSEWIFE

VI. The Care of the Bedroom



THE rules given in an earlier article for cleaning a room apply to the bedroom as well, for it too has walls, woodwork and floors. But it also has the special problems of the bed, the clothes closet and the dresser.

The atmosphere of the bedroom should be restful and refreshing. Choose simple furnishings—not heavy rugs, heavy overdraperies and elaborate bed dressings, but small rugs, washable rag ones are excellent, dainty curtains and plain counter-panes or other coverings. The wall paper should be plain and unobtrusive; there should be only a few pictures, and they should be good. Keep the necessary toilet articles in a drawer and have only a few ornamental pieces on the dresser. Include in the furnishings a waste basket to take care of scraps, combings and so forth.

Every day you should air the bed and the closets with the windows open, pick up and put away any cast-off garments and brush and dust the room.

In the weekly care follow much the same procedure. First make the bed; then cover it to protect it from dust. Dust and cover small articles before you give the room a general cleaning. At least once a month remove the mattress and spring of the bed, and give the whole a good cleaning. Go over wooden bedsteads with a brush to get the dust out of all crevices and then polish the frame. Clean painted metal beds with a damp cloth. Brass beds tarnish once the thin lacquer with which they are coated is rubbed off, and frequent washing will soon destroy it. Give them a dry dusting every day and once in a while wipe them with a bit of lemon oil to keep the lacquer soft. Once the lacquer is gone the bed must be polished with a metal cleaner—no small task. Therefore, having thus cleaned it once and brought it to a good surface, lacquer it again before it has time to grow dull. It is also a good plan to go over the bed now and then and tighten it up. A squeaky bed is both unpleasant and unnecessary. A few drops of oil on the casters will make them run more smoothly and less likely to damage the floor.

The spring, if unboxed, can be cleaned with lemon oil. Do not wash a spring unless you are sure it needs it and unless you can dry it thoroughly in the sunshine. Rust spots will be quickly transferred to the mattress and may eat into the spring itself and break it. If the spring is covered, beat and brush it or clean it with a vacuum cleaner and then turn it end for end to equalize the wear.

The care that a mattress gets has much to do with the length of time it lasts. Since nothing deadens a mattress quicker than the moisture absorbed from the heated body, it should be aired every day. Turn the mattress frequently to keep it from becoming packed into uncomfortable ridges and hollows. Beat and brush it in the open air; if possible, clean it with a vacuum cleaner, for the gentle percussion and the suction of the air help to renew the springiness of the filling. Brush the dust from under the tufts, then use the cleaner. A rolled-edge mattress requires extra care, but it keeps its shape better.

Blankets and comfortables should be hung on the line and shaken. Blankets of course can be washed and, if it is properly done, will come out like new. Comfortables are harder to wash, both because they are heavier when they are wet and because they are usually covered with some delicate material. It is wise, therefore, when you are making comfortables, to tack them first into a cheese cloth cover and then put on an outer cover that can be removed.

Clothes closets need special attention, for not many of them get the sun. Moreover, they are often so full of things that there is little chance for the air to circulate in them. The best way of course is not to put away any clothes until they have had time to air; but that is not always practicable. The next best thing is to clean and air the closets often. Let the doors stand open while the room is airing. For a real cleaning take out everything and hang the garments in the air. Brush them and examine them for moth larvae. With a damp cloth wipe out the whole interior of the closet and clear the corners and crevices with a stiff brush. A few drops of turpentine on the cloth will help to keep moths away. Leave the closets open until they are quite dry and then put fresh papers on the shelves and replace the clothes.

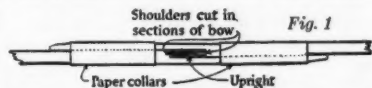
A clean, orderly bedroom, in which stands a smoothly made bed with turned-back covers, is a most delightfully inviting apartment.

A FOLDING TAILLESS KITE

THE secret of this tailless kite that folds into a compact, easily carried bundle lies in the bow, or crosspiece, which is made in two pieces and clamps round the upright stick, as shown in Fig. 1.

A tailless kite must be carefully proportioned. Make the bow exactly one seventh longer than the upright and let it cross the upright at a point one sixth of the distance from the top. In order to make the kite sufficiently light use dry spruce for the two sticks, split it with the grain and cut it down to about three sixteenths of an inch in thickness.

For a kite thirty-five inches high use two pieces twenty-three inches long for the bow. Shave one end of each for about ten inches to a thickness of one eighth of an inch and cut a small shoulder three inches from the other end to prevent it from slipping on the upright. Lay the two pieces together, crossing the upright at right angles a little less than six inches from the top. Round the joined sticks and on each side of the upright roll a strip of paper with paste on one side to form a clip, or collar. Then dip the ends of the bow into water and after testing



them bend them slightly over heat toward what will be the back of the kite.

Now saw a slit in each end of the thirty-five-inch upright and through the slits from each end run a cord to the outer ends of the

bow. Draw the cord tight. Percaline makes a good cover for the kite; so does tissue paper pasted on cheesecloth. Colored tissues make pretty kites. Small kites can be made of tissue paper without any cheesecloth to strengthen it. Cut the cover to the shape of the outline of the

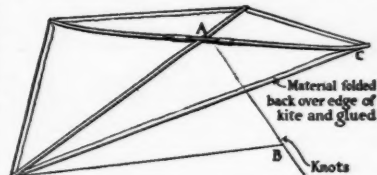


Fig. 2

kite and about an inch larger than the outline. Set the framework on the cover with the bent tips of the bow turned back toward you. Fold the extra inch of cover back over the cord and draw the material tight. Then fasten the cover in place with glue along the inside of the fold.

One end of the bow for attaching the string to the kite should be tied to the upright just above the bow. Make a hole through the cover and draw the string through to the front and out along one side of the bow to the tip. At that point tie knots to indicate where the kite string should be attached and to prevent the string from slipping. Holding the knots at the tip, carry the string on down to the bottom of the kite and fasten it there to the upright.

Now tie the kite string at the place where you made the knots. (See Fig. 2.) If you have followed directions carefully, the kite will hang with the bottom only a few inches lower than the top and will fly evenly. In the thirty-five-inch kite the bottom hangs six inches lower than the top when you hold the bow by the knots.

Use as thin a string as will hold the kite. Six-cord linen thread such as is used in harness-making or fine linen shoe thread is very good. Wind the string on a reel or on a shuttle made by notching the ends of a piece of board about twelve inches long. When you are bringing down the kite slacken the string as it reaches the ground to prevent breaking the sticks.

If the kite is to remain in the air for a long time, keep the paper clips from slipping by fastening cords behind them on the bow and



Fig. 3

then tying the ends together. To fold up kite (Fig. 3) slip the paper clips along the bow toward the tips until the bow collapses.

SLIP-COVERS

SLIP-COVERS need no longer be just ugly brown holland bags to put over chairs or sofas when the family goes away for the summer. Organdie, muslin, taffeta, glazed chintzes, either figured or plain, striped linens and many other materials can be used to freshen the appearance of a room in winter or summer. Old furniture or pieces that are out of harmony with the rest of the room can be covered, and a dull room can thus be brightened by well chosen furniture covers.

Slip-covers must be made carefully so that they will be loose, yet not baggy, and they must be neatly finished. The measurements can be taken either with a tape measure or by means of a newspaper pattern. If you use the tape measure, begin at the bottom of the chair at the back, measure up the back to the top, across the top and down the back on the inside to the inner edge of the seat. Then measure across the seat to the front edge and thence down to the floor. Measure the sides in the same way, beginning at the floor and going up, across and down on the inside to the seat.

Plan to make a seam at every place where the material turns and changes its direction; allow an inch for each seam and at least an inch and a half of extra cloth for every yard of material. Be sure that you do not cut your material too close, for a slip-cover must be loose. The three sides of the seat of the chair must have an extra three inches all the way round so that the material can be tucked well and yet allowed for the pull that will come when a person sits down. Allow a narrow hem for the bottom unless you wish a ruffled or gathered frill. In that case make the ruffle about seven inches deep, and sew it on separately. A plaited bottom requires three times as much material as a plain one, and a gathered bottom from two to two-and-a-half times as much.

If you prefer to make a newspaper pattern before you cut the cloth, pin sheets of the paper smoothly on all the surfaces of the chair that you are going to cover. Trim the edges exactly, allowing at least an extra inch and a half wherever there is to be a seam. Remember to leave a full three inches along the three inner sides of the seat. Round the paper wherever the chair is rounded, and have the edges of the paper follow exactly the lines of the chair.

You are now ready to cut the material. If you have the pattern in newspaper, lay it on the cloth and cut around the edges. In cutting

have the straight of the material run the long way of the chair, not round it. See that the design is in the centre, and that it matches at the seams. Pin the pieces of cloth in their proper places on the chair, wrong side out, each one smooth and fitted exactly in its place. If there is extra material, or if for any reason it puckers or fits badly, smooth it by taking little pleats at the point or by distributing the material in little gathers or by cutting some of it out. When all the pieces are in place baste them together along the seams and then examine the chair to see that the slip-cover is a good fit.

Remove the cover and stitch it on the wrong side. Leave openings of course part way up the legs seams of the chair so that you can slip it off and on. Put little snaps along the under side of the open length so that it can be closed when the cover is in place.

Binding the seams with braid or upholsterer's cording of a similar or contrasting color makes a neat finish.

The Department Page service is for Companion subscribers. When you write to the Department Editor, please give the name and address to which your paper goes.

| White | | | | |
|-------|----|----|----|--|
| 32 | 31 | 30 | 29 | |
| 28 | 27 | 26 | 25 | |
| 24 | 23 | 22 | 21 | |
| 20 | 19 | 18 | 17 | |
| 16 | 15 | 14 | 13 | |
| 12 | 11 | 10 | 9 | |
| 8 | 7 | 6 | 5 | |
| 4 | 3 | 2 | 1 | |
| Black | | | | |

THE GAME OF CHECKERS

Dyke

Reference board, showing how the squares are numbered.

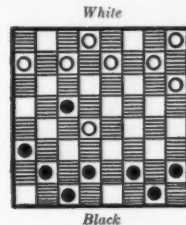
THE game, Dyke, that is described in this article is a safe one for the student to learn. The sides are virtually equal. The number of variations to which it is susceptible gives abundant chances for study. Unlike many other standard games, Dyke is named after a formation that appears frequently during the play instead of for its originator or the locality of his residence. Dyke, like Fife, Souter, Whiter, Glasgow and the Laird and Lady, all the names of well-known games or openings, is a Scotch term. The word is simply another spelling of the English "dike," which is used in Scotland to describe a low wall of turf or stone instead of a sea wall such as we usually have in mind when we use the term. The straight lines in which the pieces are often arranged form walls, or dykes, that serve as barriers against the opponent's advance.

The game, as played on the numbered squares of the reference board, is as follows:

| | | | | |
|----------|-----------|-------|-------|-------|
| 11-15 | 8-12 | 9-14 | 20-24 | 30-25 |
| 22-17 | 24-15 | 27-23 | 26-23 | 18-14 |
| a-15-19 | 10-19 | 16-20 | 19-26 | 11-15 |
| 24-15 | (2) 17-14 | 23-16 | 28-19 | 14-7 |
| 10-19 | 9-18 | 7-11 | 8-11 | 15-24 |
| 23-16 | 22-15 | 16-7 | 22-18 | 17-14 |
| 12-19 | 4-8 | 3-19 | 14-23 | 6-10 |
| b-26-22 | c-25-22 | 22-17 | 31-22 | 14-9 |
| (1) 7-10 | 12-16 | 6-10 | 23-26 | 10-15 |
| 30-26 | 32-27 | 17-13 | 22-18 | etc. |
| 2-7 | 5-9 | 1-6 | 26-30 | Draw |
| 27-24 | 29-25 | 25-22 | 21-17 | |

a—This move forms the dyke.
b—Here white can safely make several moves, such as 25-22 or 17-13 or 27-23, but the move taken is preferable.

c—If white should play 32-27 instead of the move taken at this point, he would lose. For the benefit of the student we give the position on a diagram showing how black can win after 32-27.



Black to move and win.

| SOLUTION | | | | |
|----------|-------|-------|-------|------------|
| 7-11 | 31-26 | 1-5 | 17-13 | 20-24 |
| 26-22 | 9-14 | 22-17 | 10-15 | 10-7 |
| 11-18 | 27-23 | 6-10 | 22-17 | 24-27 |
| 22-15 | 8-11 | 25-22 | 14-18 | 7-2 |
| 5-9 | 15-8 | 16-20 | 13-9 | d-27-31 |
| 25-22 | 3-12 | 23-16 | 5-14 | Black wins |
| 12-16 | 29-25 | 12-19 | 17-10 | |

d—By this move black gains a piece and ends the game by forcing the exchanges until white is left with only one king.

| Variation off Trunk (1) | | | | | Variation off Trunk (2) | | | | |
|---|-------|-------|---------|-------|--|---------|-------|-------|------------|
| 8-11 | 17-14 | 6-9 | 32-27 | 11-15 | 22-18 | 18-15 | 18-15 | 17-10 | 26-22 |
| 30-26 | 16-20 | 29-25 | 12-19 | 18-11 | 4-8 | 19-23 | 16-20 | 19-24 | 31-27 |
| 4-8 | 23-16 | 1-6 | 27-23 | 9-18 | 32-27 | 27-18 | 17-13 | 28-19 | 8-3 |
| 22-18 | 12-19 | 27-23 | 7-11 | 22-15 | 12-16 | 7-10 | 3-8 | 8-11 | etc. |
| 11-16 | 25-22 | 3-8 | 23-7 | 13-31 | 25-22 | f-31-27 | 22-17 | 15-8 | Draw |
| 27-23 | 9-13 | 23-16 | 2-11 | etc. | 8-12 | 10-19 | 9-14 | 6-31 | |
| 8-12 | 31-27 | 8-12 | e-21-17 | Draw | f—White could very easily lose the game here if he should move 15-11 instead of 31-27. This is the play: | | | | |
| e—If, instead of moving 21-17, white should at this point move 14-10, then 6-15, 21-17, 20-24, 28-10, 9-14, black would win the game without much difficulty. | | | | | 15-11 | 11-2 | 2-9 | 29-25 | Black wins |
| | | | | | 3-7 | 9-13 | 5-30 | 30-26 | |

CHOOSING THE FACTORY-MADE RADIO

WHEN you have decided, perhaps after long hesitation, that you want a radio receiver there are two courses of action open to you: you can make your own receiver from published directions, or you can buy a factory-made set. If you follow the first course,

mation that is contained in the following article will be of great assistance to you. The article answers nearly every question that persons who are planning to buy factory-made receivers usually ask and suggests several others that they should ask.

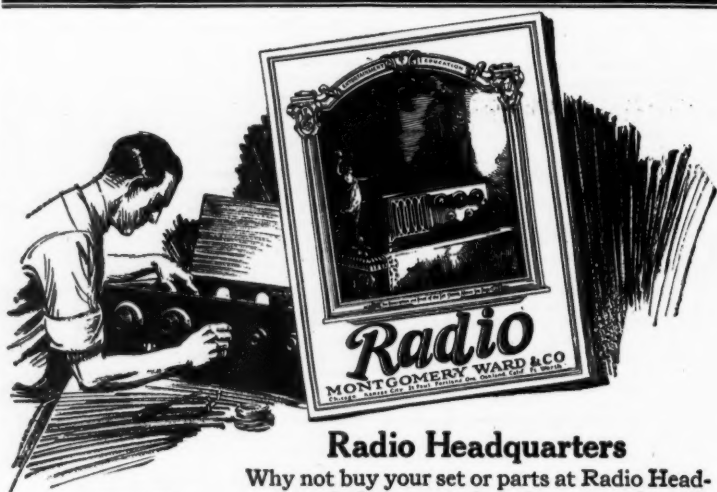
CLASSIFICATION OF RADIO RECEIVERS

| NUMBER OF TUBES | CLASS | SENSITIVITY | VOLUME | SELECTIVITY | PRICE RANGE |
|-----------------|---|--|---|---|--|
| 1 | Without exception these are of the regenerative type, as this uses the single vacuum tube most efficiently. | On good outdoor antenna—good. On indoor antenna—poor except for local stations. | Poor—headphone reception only, except in special cases. | Fair—depends largely on the construction and location of the receiver and the skill of the operator. | \$10 to \$45 |
| 2 | (a) Generally consist of the above one-tube set with a second tube used as an audio-frequency amplifier. (b) Arranged for one stage of radio-frequency, regenerative detector and one stage of reflexed audio-frequency. (c) Arranged for two stages of radio-frequency, crystal detector and two stages of reflexed audio-frequency. | As above. On outdoor antenna—good. On indoor antenna—inferior to the class shown next below. On outdoor antenna—good. On indoor antenna—fair. | Considerably increased—distant stations more readily heard with headphones. Loud-speaker operation on nearby stations possible. Fair—headphone volume good on all stations. Loud-speaker operation usually possible on near and middle distances. Good—loud-speaker operation possible on the more powerful distant stations and, of course, on local and middle-distance stations. | As above. Usually only fair. A good receiver at medium price for use in localities removed from transmitting stations. On outdoor antenna—poor. On indoor antenna or loop—fair. | \$20 to \$45 \$40 to \$65 \$40 to \$70 |
| 3 | (a) Like 2 b with an additional stage of audio-frequency amplification. (b) Like 2 c with an additional stage of radio-frequency amplification. (c) Arranged for regenerative detector plus two stages of audio-frequency amplification. | Like 1. Improved to the point where receiver does not operate satisfactorily on a large antenna; it is designed to operate on a very short wire or on a loop. With outdoor antenna—good. | With outdoor antenna sufficient to operate a loud speaker on most stations. Good—loud-speaker operation on most stations. Sufficient for loud-speaker operation on local and middle-distance stations. This receiver combines the most simple single-tube receiver with audio-frequency amplification to make the volume sufficient for average conditions. | Like 1. On indoor antenna or loop—good. Fair. | \$50 to \$100 \$50 to \$100 \$40 to \$75 |
| 4 | (a) Arranged for regenerative detector and three stages of audio-frequency amplification. (b) Arranged for one stage of radio-frequency amplification, detector and two stages of audio-frequency. (c) Arranged for two stages of radio-frequency amplification, detector, one stage of reflexed audio-frequency and one stage additional of audio-frequency. Includes some neodyne circuits. (d) Arranged for three stages of radio-frequency amplification, crystal detector, one stage of reflexed audio-frequency and one additional stage of audio-frequency. | Like 3 c. About like 3 a. Good—in many instances the set may be operated satisfactorily on either indoor or outdoor antennas. Somewhat better than 4 c. | Increased volume for loud-speaker reception on all stations that can be picked up. This type of receiver is not very satisfactory because of the distortion of the signals when they are given such a great amount of audio-frequency amplification. About like 3 a. Ample for loud-speaker operation of virtually all stations that can be picked up. Like 4 c. | Like 3 c. About like 3 a. Good—if the antenna system is not too large, no particular difficulty should be experienced from interference except from stations within two miles or less. Like 4 c. | \$60 to \$150 \$70 to \$150 \$75 to \$150 \$75 to \$175 |
| 5 | Usually arranged to give two stages of tuned radio-frequency amplification, detector and two stages of audio-frequency. Includes some neodyne circuits. | Like 4 c. | Like 4 c. | Like 4 c. | \$75 to \$200 |
| 6 or more | Usually of the super-heterodyne type employing from six to nine tubes. | The best now obtainable. | The best now obtainable. | Very good—it is possible to operate such receivers very close to a local transmitting station without experiencing much trouble from interference. | \$150 to \$450 |

you will appreciate the article, Building Radio Sets at Home, that was printed in the radio section of The Companion on February 26, 1925. If you follow the second course the infor-

What you expect of a receiver will influence your choice. Answer these questions for yourself:

1. Is the set to be used on an indoor or an



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The School Directory Department of the Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

GIRLS' SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP ARBUTUS Mayfield, Michigan
CAMP MOY-MO-DA-YO North Linnington, Maine
CAMP ROBINWOOD Gilmanton, New Hampshire

BOYS' SUMMER CAMPS

CAMP MOOSEHEAD Denmark, Maine
CAMP NISIMAHAA Greenwood Lake, New York

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Cards, Stationery, Circulars, Paper, etc. Complete Outfits \$6.95 up. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write for catalogues, press type, paper etc. THE PRESS CO., L-79, Meriden, Conn.

ASTHMA Latest information as to methods of relief, restoration to health and permanent cure sent free on request. Ask for Hayes Bulletin Y-233 and references to cured cases.
DOCTOR HAYES BUFFALO NEW YORK

Wrestling Book FREE
Tells how to be a great athlete and scientist wrestler—how to win. Standing secrets taught in wonderful lessons by world's champion Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. No strong, healthy, athletic. Handle big men with ease. Learn self defense. Be a leader. Men and boys, write for Free Book today. State your age. Farmer Burns School, 2543 Railway Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

BOYS You can earn Fine Premiums or CASH selling our High-Grade Garden & Flower Seed. Sell 40 packets for 10c each and earn choice of numerous premiums. We trust you. Send name and address for seed and Premium List. Big demand for Spring planting right NOW! LIBERTY SEED CO., 313 S. 3rd, St. Louis, Mo.

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GOSPEL TRUMPET CO., Dept. P, ANDERSON, IND.

Ask your Storekeeper for **STOVINK** the red stove remedy. Mfrs., Johnson's Laboratory, Inc., Worcester, Mass.

BOOK BARGAINS

The following books will be supplied at special prices for a limited time. They are cloth bound and illustrated. Considering present values, the books are decided bargains, and offer an opportunity to secure the best stories by writers of reputation at a large saving. They will be sent by parcel post at the prices stated.



Regular Our Price Price
SISTER SUE.....\$2.00 \$1.75
By Eleanor H. Porter
MARY MARIE.....2.00 .75
By Eleanor H. Porter
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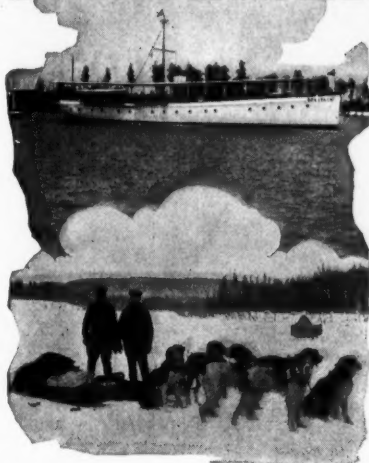


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\$133 to \$192 month. Travel—see your country. Every second week off—full pay. Men—boys, 18 up. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of Government positions and free sample coaching lessons. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. C-230, Rochester, N.Y.

Can you afford to **STAMMER?** or STUTTER?

It ruins the future of child or adult. Send postage for large free book "The Correction of Stammering and Stuttering." Methods successful for over a quarter-century. THE LEWIS INSTITUTE, 7 Lewis Bldg., 155 Stimson Ave., Detroit, Mich. U. S. A.

New Adventures of BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES



(Above) — They Roamed the World In the Speejack's Radio Room—U.S. Photo

(Below) — Dog Sleds Carry Them to the Arctic Outposts of Civilization

You're fortunate—you average buyer of radio equipment. For when you are in need of new batteries you can phone or walk a few blocks for fresh ones to replace those in your receiver.

Not so fortunate are those who wander across the world or spend their lives in the lonely outposts on the frontiers of civilization.

To them the correct selection of dependable receiving equipment is vital. For to be deprived of the use of their radio set is a dire catastrophe, and results in complete isolation from the world outside.

Those who must receive absolute, unflinching service over longer periods always buy Burgess "A," "B" and "C" Radio Batteries.

"Ask Any Radio Engineer"

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
Engineers DRY BATTERIES Manufacturers
Flashlight • Radio • Ignition • Telephone
General Sales Office: Harris Trust Bldg., Chicago
Laboratories and Works: Madison, Wis.
In Canada: Niagara Falls and Winnipeg



outdoor antenna system? (The antenna is sometimes called the aerial.)

2. Do you want to use a loud speaker on all stations within range or only on the local stations?

3. Do you live within five or six miles of a broadcasting station? If you do, how powerful is the station?

The answer to the first question largely determines the "sensitivity" of the receiver required. A comparatively insensitive receiver used with a good outdoor antenna system will bring in stations at a considerable distance. For use with small indoor antennas or with loop antennas the receiver must be much more sensitive, for the "pick-up" of the smaller antenna systems is much less than that of an outdoor antenna even of moderate size.

The answer to the second question largely determines the "volume" requirements of the receiver. A comparatively simple and insensitive receiver, operated on an outdoor antenna system, will bring in local stations with sufficient volume so that loud-speaker reproduction can be obtained. If it is desired to have loud-speaker reproduction on the more distant stations, the volume of the signal must be raised by means of additional amplifiers to a point where the intensity is great enough to operate the loud speaker. On the indoor antenna or loop antenna such amplification is always necessary even for comparatively near-by stations.

RADIO IN THE CITY

The answer to the third question gives an idea of the proper "selectivity" to be looked for. A simple receiving equipment operated on an outdoor antenna and situated fifty miles or so from the nearest transmitting station will pick out one station from a number that may be transmitting simultaneously, so that the desired programme will be received clearly and without interference. The same receiver, operated in a congested radio district such as New York, would probably fail to untangle the programmes of the local stations, much less bring in any station outside the city while the local stations were transmitting. Receivers that are run on small indoor antennas or on loops are generally more effective in reducing interference, owing partly to their smaller pick-up and partly to the characteristics of the systems themselves.

Because pieces of apparatus can be arranged in many different ways to give essentially the same result, and because there are so many manufacturers of radio parts and equipments, there is available an immense variety of receivers, which, however, can be placed in one or more of a very few general classes. It is not difficult to get information that will enable the prospective purchaser to classify the receiver that he has in mind; the accompanying table of radio receivers will then help him to determine whether or not such a receiver will give him the results that he wants.

TYPES OF CIRCUITS

The principles involved in radio receivers of the present time are as follows:

1. Regeneration.
2. Radio-frequency amplification.
3. Audio-frequency amplification.
4. Reflex amplification (both radio-frequency and audio-frequency amplification being obtained in the same vacuum tube).
5. Heterodyne amplification (radio frequency).

In the accompanying table receivers are classified under the number of tubes employed, since that is the most convenient means of identification.

The ranges in price given in the table are only approximate and are for the apparatus itself in a simple cabinet. If mounted in an expensive cabinet, of period design, for example, any one of the receivers would cost much more, though it would work no better. The prices do not include any accessories—tubes, telephones, loud speakers, antenna, lightning arrester or batteries. The cost of supplying them for small receivers is about as much as that of the bare receiver, and for large receivers about half as much.

THE TRANSMITTING STATION

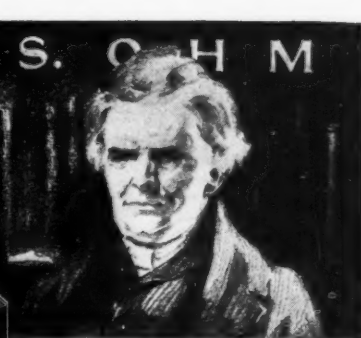
Where the receiving set is to be placed is another matter that must be considered. If it is to be in a thickly settled district,—a region of apartment blocks, for example,—no type of receiver will perform so well as if it were in the country.

Signals will never be so good in the daytime as they are at night in any locality, and the night signals will vary widely with the season of the year and the atmospheric conditions.

The power of a transmitting station likewise has much to do with the range over which it can be heard. It is not too much to say that no receiver, regardless of its size or quality, can bring in a ten-watt station a thousand miles away, and it is perfectly true that a receiver that will readily pick up a five-hundred- or a thousand-watt station a thousand miles away will not receive signals from a fifty-watt station at only half the distance. The power as well as the wave length and the call letters of broadcasting stations is given in the most useful published lists of stations. For example, the Youth's Companion's list of broadcasting stations, as revised to February 1, 1925, is arranged to show those that have a power of one hundred watts or more. (The Youth's Companion's radio log card and list of three hundred and five American

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

The ohm, unit of electrical resistance, takes its name from G. S. Ohm (1787-1854). The research of these pioneers laid the earliest foundation for radio—the latest electrical science.



More Power per Tube makes Supereflex Lead

You want nobody to have a better radio circuit than yours. That's half the fun. There is one way to be sure. Get most power out of every tube with Erla Supereflex.

Supereflex actually means that one tube does the work of three in ordinary circuits. Or Supereflex makes three tubes do the work of five! That's what makes Supereflex unbeatable—at long distance and in volume, just as in selectivity and pure, musical tone. There is no finer radio at any price. Yet you can afford it.

You can have the pride of building this finest radio yourself, with Erla Supereflex CIR-KIT. CIR-KIT brings you a complete, guaranteed assortment of the famous Erla radio parts. CIR-KIT supplies you with full, clear instructions. Every step is safeguarded. There is no panel drilling; NO SOLDERING.

Erla Supereflex makes you the smartest radio fan in your crowd. There won't be anybody who has heard better radio than yours. And the cost is small with Erla Supereflex. Models for 1 to 5 tubes at your Erla dealer's.

Electrical Research Laboratories
Dept. U, 2500 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago

ERLA PARTS

The excellence of Erla Supereflex Circuits is based on the excellence of each piece of Erla apparatus. Whatever you are doing in radio, the more Erla parts you use, the better your results will be.



Every family should have one or more pets. In establishing this column, it is our desire to assist our subscribers in the selection of these pets by publishing the advertisements of reliable persons, who have them for sale.



COLLIES
Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported stock. Send for description and free lists.
JEFFERSON WHITE COLLIE KENNELS
WILSON, OHIO
"A Jefferson White Collie dog" (Photo)

SNOW WHITE ESKIMO PUPPIES
5c in stamps brings you 20-page illustrated catalogue of these beautiful, intelligent dogs. The natural child's pet and trick dog. Brockway Kennels, Baldwin, Kansas.

COLLIES for sale. Also book on training 35c. F. R. Clark, Bloomington, Ill.

BEAUTIFUL BULLDOGS Registered bull pups \$15. Bob Tonn, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas.

Silver Foxes FOR SALE. Write Fred Alger, Waukau, Wis. Originator of SILVER BAR STRAIN.

JOHN'S AUNT RUTH'S AN O.F. CALENDAR Price 25c. O. F. CALENDAR 1500 N. St., Springfield, Mass.

Paint Without Oil

Remarkable Discovery That Cuts Down the Cost of Paint Seventy-Five Per Cent.

A Free Trial Package is Mailed to Everyone Who Writes.

A. L. Rice, a prominent manufacturer of Adams, N. Y., discovered a process of making a new kind of paint without the use of oil. He named it Powder-paint. It comes in the form of a dry powder and all that is required is cold water to make a paint weather proof, fire proof, sanitary and durable for outside or inside painting. It is the cement principle applied to paint. It adheres to any surface, wood, stone or brick, spreads and looks like oil paint and costs about one-fourth as much.

Write to A. L. Rice, Inc., Manufacturers, 104 North St., Adams, N. Y., and a trial package will be mailed to you, also color card and full information showing you how you can save a good many dollars. Write today.



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Fishing facts and hints. Tells how to compete in our annual \$2,000 Fish Photo contest. A postal gets it FREE!

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"STANDARD" is the fastest growing Radio Chain Store Organization and one of the oldest and most reliable.

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STANDARD RADIO CO.

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only **\$14.35** MIRACO RADIO GETS 'EM COAST to COAST

FOR THIS GUARANTEED LONG DISTANCE RADIO

Users everywhere report Miraco Tuned Radio Frequency receivers pick up programs coast to coast, outperform sets three times as costly. Send for proof they are radio's most amazing values in powerful long distance sets. One tube guaranteed, completely assembled outfit, as illustrated, list \$14.35. Three tube guaranteed loud speaker outfit, list \$29.50.

SEND POSTAL TODAY for latest bulletins and special offer. It will interest you.

AGENTS DEALERS
The new Miraco promotion is a winner. Write,
MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Pioneer Builders of Sets
417-1/2 E. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.

The Traffic Cop of the Air **FERRAND Wave Trap**

Add a Ferrand Wave Trap to your Radio Set and "Police" your reception. Regulate traffic. Guaranteed to tune out any interfering station. Widely imitated but never equalled. The original and only successful WAVE TRAP. Now in its third year. Sent Postpaid upon receipt of \$3.50 or C. O. D. plus postage. Send for Free Booklet.

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WRIGLEY'S

"after every meal"

Take care of your teeth! Use Wrigley's regularly. It removes food particles from the crevices. Strengthens the gums. Combats acid mouth. Refreshing and beneficial!

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LOOMS only \$9.90 and up. Big money in weaving rugs, carpets, portieres, etc., at home, from rags and waste material. Weavers are rushed with orders. Send for FREE Loom Book. It tells all about the weaving business and our wonderful \$9.90 and other low-priced, easily-operated looms now sold on attractive Monthly Payment terms.

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(CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE)

and twenty-two Canadian stations is supplied by the Department Editor, The Youth's Companion, Boston, Massachusetts, for ten cents a copy.)

It will be found that most of the entertainment derived from the use of a receiving set will come from the ability to receive from a certain limited number of stations clearly and distinctly and without interference from other stations. Therefore the set should have ample sensitivity, selectivity and volume for that purpose, but not much more. Reception from long distances can be attained only under the most favorable conditions, and usually even then is of poor quality. A sharp, clean-cut programme received from a station one hundred and fifty miles away is far more satisfactory than any number of distance records in which it is impossible to distinguish much more than the call letters of the transmitting station two thousand miles away. Throughout all the northern part of the United States reception from the nearer stations can be carried on satisfactorily day or night throughout the year except now and then when the weather conditions are extremely unfavorable. In the South and Southwest heavy atmospheric disturbances cause much trouble in the summer and the fall.

ADJUSTING VACUUM-TUBE AMPLIFIERS

In audio-frequency amplifiers a gain in amplification as well as a considerable improvement in the quality of the signals may be obtained by bringing the grid return (Fig. 1) of the amplifier tubes to the negative terminal of the "A" battery and having the filament rheostat situated in the negative filament lead. The grid return is the wire running from the secondary winding of the audio-frequency transformer, which is usually marked with an F or an A, to the filament circuit of the amplifier tube. This lead is sometimes connected to the negative filament terminal of the amplifier tube, but better results are obtainable with the connections shown in the figure.

A grid-biasing battery, commonly termed a "C" battery, is often thought to be a cure for all amplifier troubles.

This is far from the truth, and many experimenters have found that a "C" battery has added to their troubles instead of lessening them. The "C" battery is composed of a few flashlight cells and is connected in the grid return lead, between the filament circuit of the tube and the secondary of the transformer, with the negative terminal of the battery connected to the transformer. Such a battery is only necessary when it is desired to use plate voltages greater than about eighty on the amplifier tubes. When used, it should be adjusted in voltage until the best quality of signal is obtained. The signals will not be a great deal louder with the higher plate voltage and "C" battery than they were with a lower plate voltage and no "C" battery, unless a power tube is used in the amplifier.

A "kink" that is well worth a trial is that of connecting the cores of the audio-frequency transformers to the ground or to the positive terminal of the "B" battery. With certain types of audio-frequency transformers this connection will give a marked improvement in the volume of signal. With certain other transformers the amplifier will be less noisy in operation, though the signals will not be any louder. Sometimes such a connection does not make any difference in the signals.

If the quality of the signals is rather "tinny," a small condenser, connected across the terminals of the secondary winding of the audio-frequency transformer, will give them a fuller and more natural tone. The bigger the condenser is made the more muffled the signals will become, so that the size of the condenser should be adjusted to be just large enough to give a natural tone to the signals.

Where high amplification is used it often happens that with the telephones or loud speaker connected in at one stage of the amplifier the signals will be too weak, while with the next stage of the amplifier in use the signals will be too loud. A resistance control consisting of a potentiometer connected across the secondary terminals of the transformer, as shown in Fig. 2, will permit the volume to be controlled to just the desired degree.

In radio-frequency amplifiers very good results, coupled with easier control, will be obtained if the plate voltages on the tubes are not made too large. Thirty to forty volts will often produce just as loud a signal as ninety volts, and there will be much less tendency toward oscillation, with its attendant "squealing."

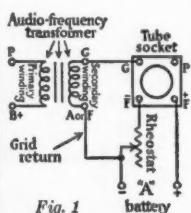


Fig. 1

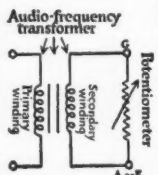
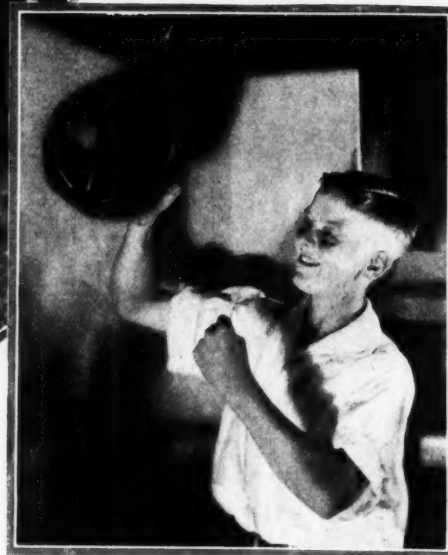


Fig. 2



Growing Children Need this rich breakfast

QUICK QUAKER — Savory, flavory, delicious
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!



HERE is the "oats and milk" breakfast authorities say no growing child should be denied—cooked, ready and served as quickly as plain toast.

Because of lack of time, many mothers were serving oats too seldom. So Quaker Oats experts perfected Quick Quaker, a new kind of Quaker Oats.

As an emergency food, no other breakfast surpasses. As an early morning enticement, none compares. Rich, full flavored and enticing, it tempts the most indifferent appetite.

All the fine Quaker flavor is retained, all the luscious smoothness. The grains are cut before flaking and rolled very thin. They cook faster. That's the only difference.

Order Quick Quaker today—you will be delighted.

Remember, your grocer now has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known and Quick Quaker.

Standard full size and weight packages—

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Large: 3 pounds, 7 oz.

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known



Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes